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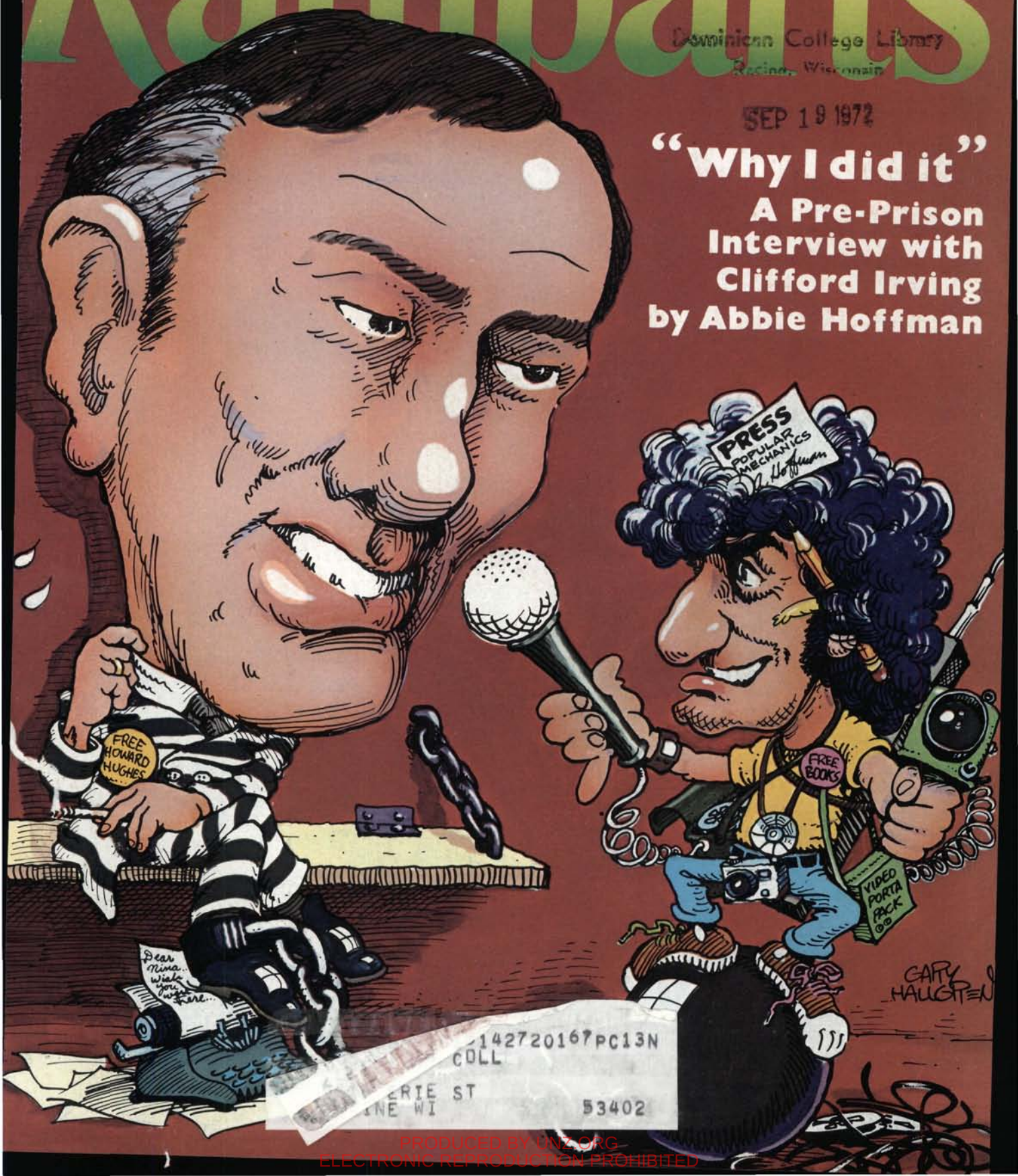

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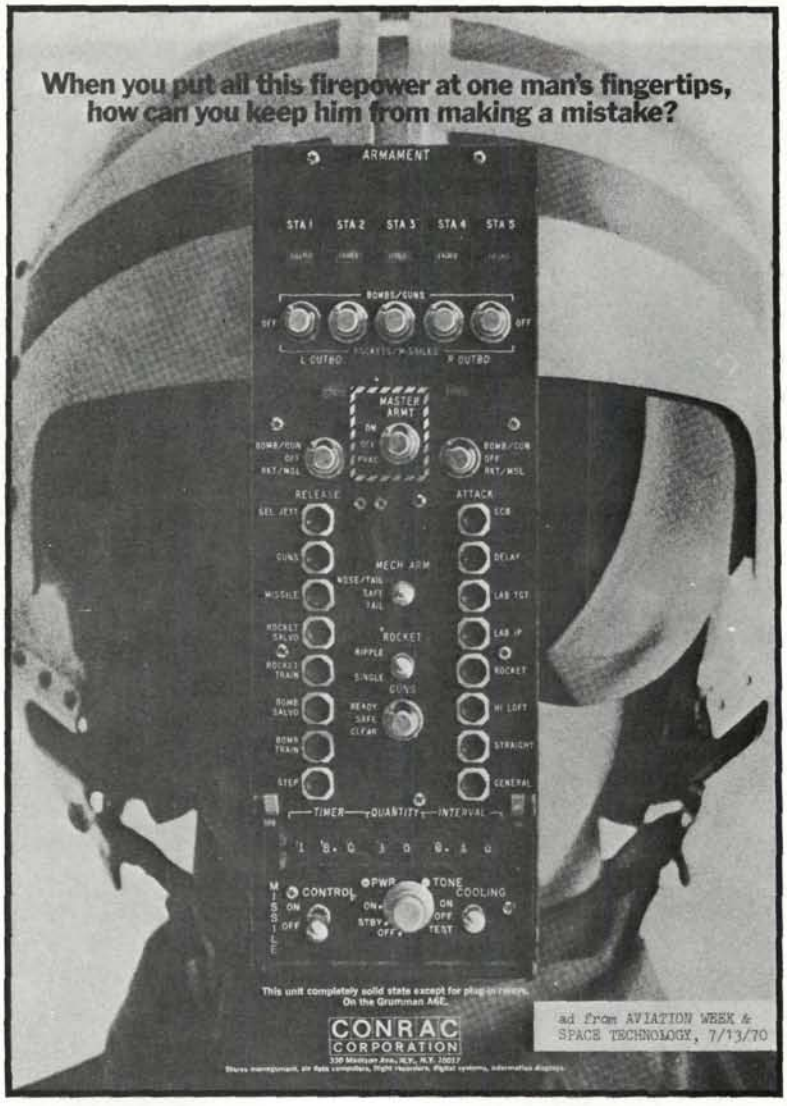

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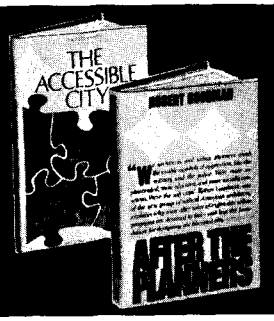

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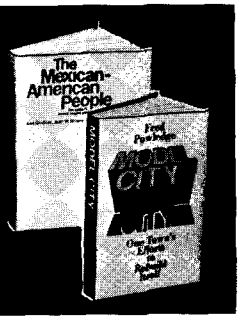

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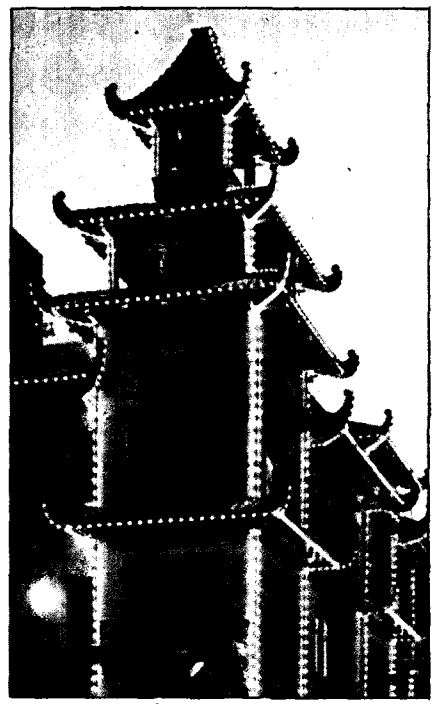

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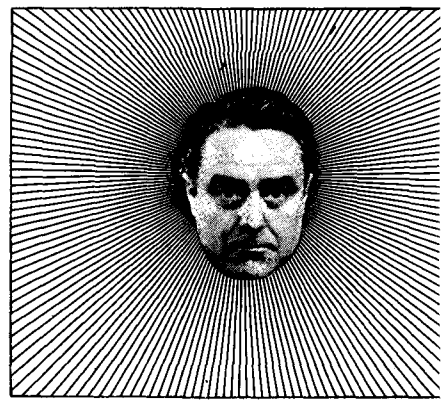

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NGUYEN THAI BINH

ON JULY 2, 1972, Nguyen Thai Binh, whose name means "man of peace," died a violent death at Tan Son Nhut Airport in Saigon. He was another casualty of the vicious war that the United States government has waged on the people of Indochina for over a decade. To the Pentagon he is a statistic, a factor in the kill ratio, an addition to the body count. To those throughout the world who love peace and justice, Thai Binh is a courageous human being, one who fought to guarantee his homeland a free and prosperous tomorrow.

Thai Binh's story must begin at the end and go back to the beginning. A gentle young man of 5'6" and 115 pounds, Thai Binh had attempted to divert a Pan Am "jumbo jet" from its Saigon destination to Hanoi. Carrying a pen knife and two lemons wrapped in foil, which he said were grenades, Binh was taking this action, as he told a stewardess, as a protest against the war. The captain of the plane, a certain Gene Vaughn, landed in Saigon under the pretext of refueling and came back from the cockpit as if to talk with Thai Binh. Vaughn edged his way to within six feet of the hijacker and then jumped him. In the captain's own words:

I grabbed the arm which was holding the bomb and it flew to the floor. I spun him around and got an arm lock on him. Two passengers made flying tackles and we all went down on the floor. The gentleman was standing by but was afraid to shoot in case he hit me. I managed to extricate myself while still keeping the arm lock and shouted to him, "Kill the son of a bitch." That was when he started firing.

The executioner with the .357 magnum remains a phantom. Pan Am reports that the passenger requested anonymity. He is known to the world simply as a 23-year-old retired California policeman.

Vaughn admitted, "I said a prayer before and after." His wife corroborated his deep religious convictions. "He reads the Bible just about every day. God is the center of our lives. I think he felt God helped him in this."

One of the passengers who had helped to subdue Thai Binh later related that he had felt that the killing was "completely unnecessary." He continued:

The hijacker was on the floor when the pilot told the passenger to shoot him. He shot him once and the pilot yelled, "Shoot him again! Shoot him again!"

The small body lay lifeless when the ardent Christian, Captain Vaughn, administered the last rites. According to Vaughn:

Looking at that individual, it became so offensive I could not stand having him in the aircraft. I threw him through a door and he went about 15 feet out. I got a good football hold on him and he went just like a football.

This was the homecoming of Nguyen Thai Binh, who had left only four years earlier to "seek honor for the family." His father, a low-level civil servant for the National Port Authority, was arrested by the Thieu police immediately following Thai Binh's death. The fate of his mother and his eight brothers and sisters is uncertain.

Nguyen Thai Binh came to the United States in 1968 on an Agency for International Development (AID) leadership scholarship. Photographs from his early days in this country kept by Thai Binh's family show Thai Binh the honor student, in cap and gown with various friends, and Thai Binh the tourist, at Disneyland, the Canadian-American border, and in the Nation's Capital at the Lincoln Memorial.

In the Fall of 1969, Binh enrolled at the University of Washington in Seattle, majoring in fisheries. He joined the soccer team and immediately distinguished himself as one of its outstanding players.

Alex Zahojko, a Brazilian student and former captain of the University of Washington soccer team, knew Binh well on the soccer field. Alex remembers Binh as being "a quiet, independent fellow. He would come to soccer practices on a second-hand bicycle. His soccer playing was outstanding."

To many foreign students, soccer is not only a sport but also a social event. Students from Africa, the Middle East, and other parts of the world come together in this activity so common to their respective cultures. It was in this arena where Thai Binh began to open up to his fellow foreign students.

Alex recalls talking to Binh one day in 1969 about the war. Binh said he

This article was written by two foreign students at the University of Washington who wish to remain anonymous. "Binh," they write, "symbolized hope to us, both in political and personal terms. We were friends in the soccer field, and comrades in the movement."

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1948–1972

could not say much about it, because that would put his family in jeopardy.

Shortly thereafter, Binh began to speak out against the war. He traveled around the country participating in anti-war rallies and teach-ins, speaking at churches and PTA meetings.

Richard Carbray, chairman of the Harrisburg Defense Committee for seven western states, and a personal friend of Binh, recalls:

Whether Binh was helping injured Vietnamese children hospitalized here [Seattle] for plastic surgery or whether he was, often with his own modest funds, paying for and distributing leaflets against a war that was destroying his country, or whether he was singing to us songs that he had composed himself, this gentle man was truly trying to be a man of peace and to persuade us to be the same.

But his philosophy was not of despair or hopelessness. "The more inhumane the U.S. bombing, the stronger the Vietnamese resistance," he would say in his speeches. "We Vietnamese still exist and shall exist forever. The only way to exist is to resist."

On February 10, 1972, in New York City, Binh—along with two dozen other Vietnamese students—occupied the South Vietnamese consulate. Charges of criminal trespass were investigated and later dropped. That same month, Binh flew to demonstrate against the U.S. Agency for International Development Center at Southern Illinois University. And in the ensuing months, Binh worked tirelessly for the anti-war effort at the University of Washington. Hardly a day went by when he was not passing out leaflets or carrying a sandwich board sign in front of the Student Union condemning the war.

He carried on his anti-war activities on campus right to graduation day, when he leafleted in his cap and gown. As he approached the podium to receive his diploma, Binh attempted to seize the microphone to make a statement on the war. This crime—his attempt to make his feelings known—resulted in his spending the day in police custody.

For speaking out on the war, Thai Binh was to be delivered into the hands of Thieu's police. Last April 18, Binh was ordered to appear at an official hearing regarding his arrest in New York and his activities at the University of Washington. It is well known that immigration authorities keep files on all foreign students who are politically active. In Seattle, at least half a dozen foreign students have been forced to appear at hearings before the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service. Such hearings inevitably turn into inquisitions, where the students are interrogated about their political beliefs, activities, and associations. Foreign students often face imprisonment and deportation for speaking out on U.S. policies abroad.

Along with these several dozen Vietnamese students in the U.S. who had protested the war, Binh's U.S. AID scholarship was cancelled at the request of Saigon's Ambassador to the U.S. On June 7, 1972, Binh received a letter from Robert W. Landry, Deputy Assistant Director for the AID program, saying:

The purpose of this letter is to inform you that the government of the Republic of Vietnam has requested that the government of the United States terminate your training program under the sponsorship of AID. In compliance with this request your program has been terminated effective June 1, 1972 and an international ticket for your return transportation to Vietnam is on hand at this office.

It was then that he decided on his final course of action. From a last letter to his friends:

Morning. Day of action. On the flight from Hawaii. The plane, cradled by the air, swings back and forth. My mind is clear; my heart, determined. My will becomes like iron. For me, success or failure, life or death will be known within a few hours. However difficult our way is, I still believe that peace and independence will return to our Vietnamese people and our country. Hope to see you then. If I fail, please take care of my family for me (a thought is good enough) when peace comes—O.K.?

Thai Binh chose not to surrender. His choice was made clear in his final letter to all "The Peace and Justice Loving People in the World":

I am going home to stand in the line of the Vietnamese people in the struggle of national salvation, to take part in the resistance against the U.S. aggression, to confirm the justness of our cause, to dedicate to the freedom fighters of Vietnam, living and dead, to strengthen the confidence in the ineluctable victory of our people, I direct Pan Am 841 to Hanoi. ■

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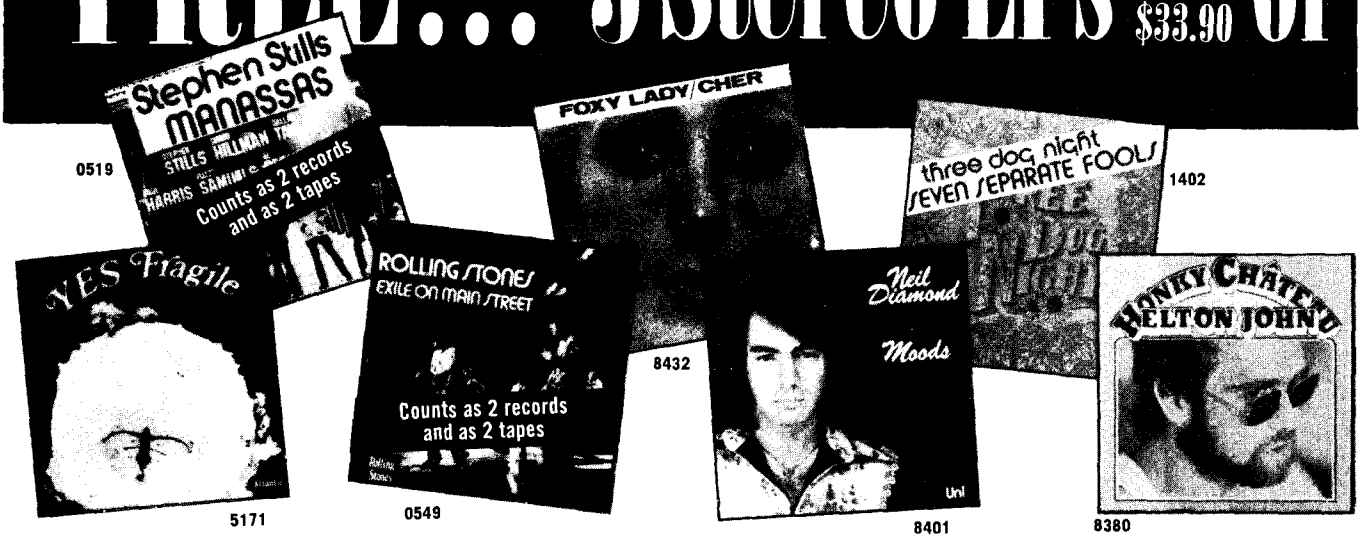
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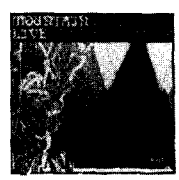

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RCA Record Club (as advertised in Reader's Digest Jan. '71)	NO	NO	6	$40.78 to $52.68	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
RCA Tape Club (as advertised in Reader's Digest Jan. '71)	NO	NO	6	$52.68 to $58.68	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
Capitol Record Club (as advertised in Playboy Dec. '71)	NO	NO	12	$70.03 to $94.03	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
Capitol Stereo Tape Club (as advertised in Playboy May '72)	NO	NO	10	$77.62 to $87.62	NO	YES	5 to 6 weeks	NO	NO	NO
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Hi

1377 JAMES GANG
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5198 ROBERTA FLACK
First Take
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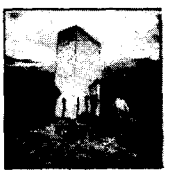
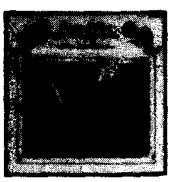
1433 GRASS ROOTS
Move Along
ABC/Dunhill



8178 THE WHO
Who's Next
Decca



8333 SONNY & CHER
All I Ever Need Is You
Kapp

5503 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
Live At The Riviera
Parrot

1196 GRASS ROOTS
Their 16 Greatest Hits
ABC

6431 STAPLE SINGERS Be Altitude: Respect Yourself **Stax**

0505 CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG Four Way Street (2 LPs & 2 tapes) **Atlantic**

3700 JAMES TAYLOR
& The Flying Machine
Euphoria

6884 THE LONDON CHUCK BERRY SESSIONS Chess

1037 STEPPENWOLF
Gold **ABC/Dunhill**

3860 HILLSIDE SINGERS
I'd Like To Teach The World To Sing
Metromedia

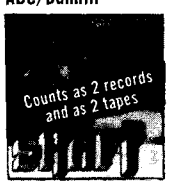
6672 JACKSON 5
Lookin' Through The Window **Motown**

6870 THE GOSPEL SOUL OF ARETHA FRANKLIN Checker

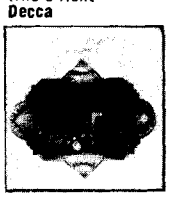
2779 B. J. THOMAS
Greatest Hits Vol. Two
Scepter

5138 LED ZEPPELIN
Atlantic

2783 B. J. THOMAS
Billy Joe
Scepter



0635 ISAAC HAYES/ SHAFT Original ST (2 LPs & 2 tapes)
Enterprise



5206 CREAM
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THE AMAZING GRACE OF SISSY FARENTHOLD

POPULISM IN TEXAS

TEN THOUSAND people had jammed into Houston's Astrohall to see her. They had waited patiently through the entertainment—clapping, cheering, singing along—but always holding something back—waiting. And when she finally came onto the stage, the place exploded. "Sissy, Sissy, Sissy, Sissy," they chanted, shouting above their own applause and foot-stamping. The ovation kept growing louder.

Fixed by the spotlight, a handsome, dark-haired woman in a white dress stood alone on the stage. Frances "Sissy" Farenthold seemed embarrassed at first. But soon she grew tall under the ovation. She smiled, raised her hand and looked out at them—the kids and the senior citizens, the lawyers and the steelworkers—the people who had made her their champion.

She was elite Southern womanhood, graduate of Vassar, wife of a Belgian nobleman. She was mother of four, housewife, champion of the shopping-cart set. She was the "father's child" of one of the state's leading lawyers and toughest political kingmakers: a lawyer herself. And now she was the leader of a new populist movement in the Lone Star state.

The sudden rise of Sissy Farenthold can be traced from January, 1971, when the Fort Worth office of the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC) filed a stock manipulation suit against Houston financier Frank Sharp. As a public service, the SEC gratuitously exposed a bribery scheme it had uncovered during the course of its investigation. The complaint alleged that Sharp had made certain Texas officeholders considerably richer in order to obtain passage of two banking bills that would have helped his empire. A side effect would have been to remove all Texas state banks from Federal regulation. Among beneficiaries of Sharp's benevolence were Governor Preston Smith, Speaker of the Texas House Gus Mutscher, House Appropriations Chairman Bill Heatly, and various Mutscher aides and henchmen. Thrown in for good measure: Elmer Baum, Smith's campaign chairman and head of the Texas Democratic Party.

State Representative Farenthold and her colleagues in the Texas House demanded an investigation of the charges. Speaker Gus Mutscher held more than two-thirds of the House membership in his hand and for two months he managed to keep the scandal buried in committee. But on March 15, 1971, the dissidents forced a dramatic floor vote on the question of the investigation. Although they received only 30 votes out of 150, it was hardly a defeat. They had broken the pact of silence, aroused the Texas press, and begun to awaken a lethargic Texas citizenry to the evils of private government. The group acquired a name, courtesy of an unknown lobbyist who looked at the voting board and grumbled, "Those dirty bastards! Those thirty dirty bastards!" The Dirty Thirty was born.

Over the next few weeks, the Texas House of Representatives developed into a public forum. True, the Dirty Thirty were clobbered on the voting board. True, the private bills still coasted into law. But the Dirty Thirty seized every opportunity to publicize corruption, and stitch by stitch unraveled the carpet and exposed the trash that had been swept under it.

After the session ended in June, 1971, the tide appeared to turn. Mutscher's House redistricting plan—designed to eliminate the Dirty Thirty—was ruled unconstitutional by the courts. Mutscher and his henchmen were indicted and later convicted of bribery (their appeals are pending). Lane Denton, a leader of the Dirty

Harvey Katz is the author of a recent book entitled Shadow on the Alamo: New Heroes Fight Old Corruption in Texas Politics *(Doubleday). A former trial lawyer for the Justice Department, Katz posed as a legislative assistant to several Texas state representatives while he carried out his investigation. His work was sponsored by the Fund for Investigative Journalism.*

by Harvey Katz

PHOTOGRAPH BY WIDE WORLD

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Thirty, formed a campaign organization that would later bring close to 70 reform candidates into the House.

Meanwhile, the 1972 gubernatorial campaign was shaping up as a contest between Ben Barnes, President of the Texas Senate and heir-apparent to the Johnson-Connally machine, conservative land-owner Dolph Briscoe, and Preston Smith. Of these, Barnes and Smith had been implicated in the Sharp scandal. The latter was named as a beneficiary of Frank Sharp's deals; the former had presided over the Senate which passed Frank Sharp's banking bills. As for Briscoe, he was a Connally crony from the 1960s and the wealthiest landowner in Texas.

Clearly, none of the candidates was much interested in public government, and so Sissy Farenthold decided to enter the race herself. Her friends said they admired her courage, but few believed it would amount to more than a symbolic candidacy. She had little money. Her organization was rag-tag. She had campaign chairmen in only 30 out of 250 counties.

Her initial and principal target was Ben Barnes. Beautifully groomed and dressed, tutored by experts in public speaking, politics, social charm, and empire building, he could seduce the ladies, the press and the public with equal style. He could accept handouts from lobbyists and break election promises with abandon, and still he retained the adoration of two million voters. In Texas he was openly touted as Presidential timber. In this race he was the man to beat. Farenthold stalked Ben Barnes relentlessly. Try as he might to bury the Sharp scandal, she kept it alive and burning. Preston Smith soon fell by the wayside. "I heard the footsteps of Farenthold," he said. During the last few weeks of the campaign, there were signs that Barnes was hearing those very same footsteps himself.

It had soon become apparent that the only establishment candidate with no ties to the Sharp scandal—Dolph Briscoe—was reaping the major benefit from the Farenthold attack and emerging as the front-runner. Still, if Briscoe failed to win a majority, he would be forced into a run-off, and Barnes, it was felt, would crush him. But the Connally heir never got the chance. Much to the pundits' astonishment, on election day, May 6, Farenthold—not Barnes—placed second to Briscoe. It figured as one of the major election upsets in Texas history.

An upset, but not a turning point.

DOLPH BRISCOE NOW looked like a shoo-in in the run-off election. He had come away from the primary with 44 percent of the vote total to Farenthold's 26 percent. The Barnes-Smith vote was mostly conservative and Farenthold carried a definite liberal label. She had denounced the Texas Rangers for busting too many Chicano heads. She had come out strongly for reducing the possession of marijuana to a misdemeanor (you can get up to life imprisonment in Texas). She had insisted that, despite her own Catholic religious beliefs, abortion is a matter for a woman's conscience, not the Texas Legislature. Briscoe, in contrast, had avoided taking stands. Moreover, he had a bulging campaign chest, and the lobbyists, with Farenthold's promises of public government ringing in their ears, were flocking to him with open checkbooks.

Even so, Farenthold was not about to give up. She stumped the entire state. She rode for hours in car caravans under a blazing sun. She was at factory gates by 7 a.m. to greet the morning shift. She spoke at airports and from the back of pick-up trucks.

"Mr. Briscoe is a secret candidate," she would say. "He is a candidate who thumbs his nose at the people while holding hands with the same lobbyists who brought shame to this state last year. Well, I believe that the people of Texas are sick and tired of it all. We want our government back!"

When Briscoe refused to meet her in a televised debate, he gave her an issue. "Why does he keep running away from me?" she asked her TV interviewers. Early in the run-off campaign she promised to track him down and debate him on street corners if necessary. The "street corner" turned out to be the lobby of a hotel where Briscoe was speaking. Television cameras recorded the scene: Sissy Farenthold standing firmly in the doorway; Briscoe emerging, finding nowhere else to go. "I believe that voters throughout Texas want us to debate," she said. "I have to catch a plane," he said.

During the first two weeks of the month-long runoff campaign, Briscoe did not even bother to mention the name of his opponent. Early in the third week, he referred to her for the first time and called her a radical. During the fourth week, pro-Briscoe hate literature hit the streets of Texas. One leaflet contained a photograph of Farenthold speaking to a group of youths who looked remarkably like hippies. It said she favored legalized marijuana, revolution and free love. A San Antonio radio commercial accused her of being a "baby-killer" because of her abortion views—the sound of a heartbeat in the background.

Late on the evening of June 6, Sissy Farenthold stood on the steps of her Austin campaign headquarters, surrounded by media equipment, and looked out at the crowd. The results were in: she would get almost 900,000 votes, but it would amount to only 45 percent of the total. It was her first political loss and there were tears in her eyes from the disappointment.

But there were substantial accomplishments as well. In a month's time, Farenthold had increased her 30 county organizations to over 230, and she had picked up 19 percent of the vote to Briscoe's 11 percent. In a year's time, she had risen from a state representative, known to few outside her district, to a viable statewide candidate, and a figure of national prominence, seriously considered for the Democratic Vice-Presidential nomination.

Most important, her candidacy had fostered the growth of a new political coalition in Texas. It was disparate in make-up—blacks, browns, women, kids, Wallacites. The common bond was disenfranchisement, alienation; the program, honest, progressive government. The Farenthold campaign had demonstrated the potential clout of New Populism in a state where the Old Politics was virtually a way of life.

"This journey has not ended," said Sissy Farenthold in Austin on June 6. And on the Pedernales, even Lyndon Johnson must have taken note. ■

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phone phreak

"RAPING THE BOARD" is the name of the game. With the proper equipment, it seems, a handful of people could busy-out all the long distance circuits in the entire world and set Ma Bell on her earplug.

With such wetdreams of revenge on the phone company, phone phreaks from around the nation gathered on July 29 in the basement ballroom of New York's Hotel Diplomat. They were commemorating the completion of the first transcontinental telephone line between New York and San Francisco, on July 29, 1914, and they were doing it with a colloquium on blue boxes, black boxes, toll free loops, phone credit cards, the Agnew, the Milhous, the Answeroo, and all the various gadgets which could yet turn ATT into a public service. This was the First International Phone Phreak Convention, sponsored by the Youth International Party Line. Originally scheduled in Miami during the Democratic Convention, it was postponed and moved to New York where, Yippies said, the laws against phreaking are "full of loopholes." As it turned out, telephone history was made.

The Convention opened with a 20-minute film in black and white, soundtrack added. The first ten minutes featured a free-form story of how one guy got to hate the phone company. He expressed his hatred by eating telephone equipment. There was also a short scene of a girl playing with herself. It was unclear what this segment had to do with phones, but it was interesting anyway.

The second half of the film showed three different techniques of pay phone phreaking. An eleven-year-old boy wants to call home but doesn't want to use up his dime. So he goes to his local candy store and steals a package of gum. He puts one stick in his mouth as he carefully flattens out the foil wrapper. He rubs it against the side of the pay phone until it is smooth and flat. Then he places it into a crack on the side of the phone and puts a *penny* into the *nickle* slot. That sets him a dial tone and he places the call. "This procedure works best on the old black pay phones," says the soundtrack, "but with a little extra care it can work on the new green phones."

Enters a lady in her thirties, who carries with her a portable, battery-operated cassette recorder with a recording of the dings and dongs a pay phone makes when you put your coins into it. Each *ding* is five cents and each *dong* is a quarter. So when the operator asks her for a dime, the lady turns on the recorder and gives her a "ding-ding." The operator hears the tones and places the calls. The same trick is used for larger sums, for example, a long distance call costing $1.15—"dong-dong-dong-dong-ding-ding-ding."

Finally, a senior citizen phone phreak calls from a pay phone without any equipment other than a dime. She locates two phones next to one another. Then she picks up one of them and uses the dime to call the operator to place the call. The operator returns the dime, tells her how much money is required, and the old lady deposits it, putting the same dime repeatedly into the other telephone. Somehow that phone dings to the operator's satisfaction, but because it wasn't actually in use, it returns the dime immediately.

When the film ended, the crowd cheered, and the host for the rest of the activities, a certain Al Bell, took the podium. That's not his real name, but that's what it said on the New York Telephone badge he was wearing. Al passed out mimeographed sheets containing instructions on how to build a Black Box. This device, sometimes called a *Mute*, allows a person to receive free long-distance calls. The caller, using no equipment, does not get charged for the call. Next to the speaker's stand was a large cardboard-box model of the device which Bell pointed to as he explained the construction and operation of the device. "It's simpler than the one described in the June RAMPARTS," he said, "but it uses the same principle."

Following this primary lesson, three workshops commenced. In one, participants learned how to construct an "Answeroo," a telephone answering service that costs under ten dollars to build. Phone phreaks have used it to set up automatic conference lines so that many phreaks can talk together at the same time for free.

In a second group, the basics of the blue box were explained. The latter "is similar to a Touch-Tone phone, except that it uses different frequencies." With such a device a phreak can place a free call anywhere in the world. The leader of this workshop showed charts of several different circuits used in Blue Boxes, but he cautioned that their construction requires a basic knowledge of electronics. He recommended a book, *Basic Telephone Switching Systems* by David Talley, and reported that a company called Signetics had information on tone oscillators that are easy to build. Al Bell reminded the workshop these boxes are not to be used for illegal purposes; he said that he uses his for audio testing.

Thereupon two blind phone phreaks arrived. Al Bell greeted them, and they talked and laughed. One of them whistled a high-pitched note used in the Blue Box. The others joined in, and together they whistled the tones for several phone numbers in San Jose, London, and Moscow.

Meanwhile, Abbie Hoffman was holding forth in a legality workshop. He appealed for funds to help defend

by robert sherman

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out in phun city

John "Captain Crunch" Draper—the already legendary phone phreak whom Ma Bell has persecuted from one end of the continent to the other. He further made a pitch for the YIPL newsletter: "It is much safer than communicating by phone. Upcoming issues, he said, will feature circuits for scramblers, bug detectors, and a new device called the Red Box, and nicknamed "Milhous." The latter he described as "simpler than a Blue Box, more complicated than a Black Box, and smaller than a breadbox."

Following the workshops, the convention returned to its *pièce de résistance,* the Phreak Philm. Most people had seen the first showing, however, and left, but not in anger. Although the Yippies had failed to deliver on their pledge to have phone calls from phone phreaks the world over, a wonderful time was had by all—all, that is, except Ma Bell's Special Agents, who attended at the invitation of The Party Line. They watched in angry frustration, unable to do more than slow down imaginary phones on imaginary receivers and vow revenge for the Rape of the Board.

perils and promise of pot

A New York dermatologist reports that marijuana smoking may cause acne and hair loss. Dr. Irwin Lubowe of the New York Medical College states that he has conducted studies on patients whose baldness or acne seems to be caused by heavy indulgence in the pleasures of pot—defined as "at least two joints a week." Dr. Lubowe told Zodiac News Service that he suspects that "tetrahydracannabinol"—or "thc"—is a poison which affects the skin. He said that a number of his patients recovered from their outbreaks of pimples, severe dandruff, and hair loss attacks shortly after they quit smoking weed.

On the other hand, four UCLA researchers have recently suggested that marijuana may be an effective treatment for glaucoma, the most common cause of blindness in the United States. The disease results from a build-up of fluid pressure inside the eyeball. The UCLA research team found that smoking grass decreases this fluid pressure for at least several hours.

In a related item, the Canadian Commission of Inquiry into the Non-Medical Use of Drugs reports that pot has often been used to treat symptoms of the flu and the common cold. According to the Commission, "cannabis" was an active ingredient in at least 20 medical preparations until it was outlawed in the 1930s.

gen. haines: high on the lord

If Gen. Creighton Abrams is approved for Army Chief of Staff, his number two man will be a certain Gen. Ralph E. Haines, currently responsible for all the ground troops of the continental United States. It is one of those typically American anomalies, for Gen. Haines, it seems, has evangelical as well as military aspirations. In recent months, he has been making numerous speaking tours around the nation—spreading the word of God to millions of potential converts. During a visit to an evangelistic crusade in Virginia, he told 10,000 cheering people: "I would rather be a private in the Army of Jesus Christ than a General in the U.S. Army." Not that he feels he must choose one or the other. The General describes Washington, D.C., as "the center of God's power," and he has written, "Our nation and our allies need whatever we can do to put God's unerring hand upon the helm of the free world. Praise the Lord."

coke (and 7-up) on troubled water

Ralph Nader says that Coca-Cola and other soft drinks may yet replace the only liquid now consumed in greater volume—drinking water. At any rate, the soft drink industry is trying to achieve that milestone.

Back in 1966, it seems, Coke, 7-Up, and Pepsi overtook milk, as soft drinks became the number two liquid consumed in America. According to Nader, the journal of the soft drink industry is advising manufacturers that water "must now be considered vulnerable because of the widely publicized pollution problem."

Nader has also called on the Coca-Cola company to make its product more nutritious. It currently controls 42 percent of the soft drink industry and is not required to list ingredients on the bottle.

Zodiac News Service

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A serious anomaly has haunted American development of East Asian studies. They are supported in the hope that better American understanding will help improve relations with East Asian peoples. Yet the relations themselves are seldom studied, with the result that we advance crabwise toward understanding problems we have faced and will face in East Asia.

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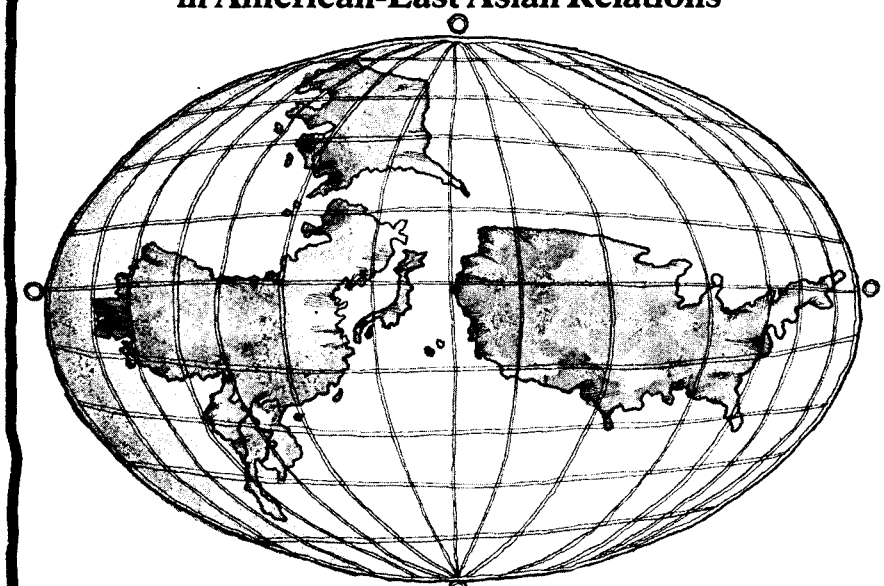

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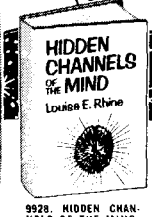

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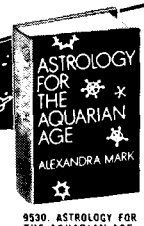

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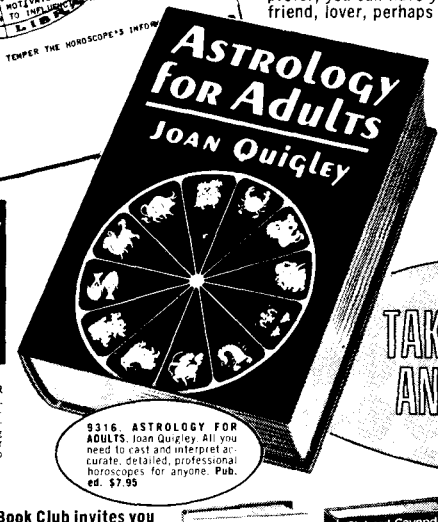

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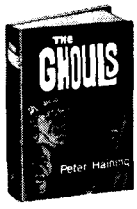

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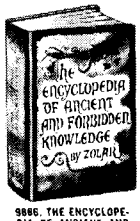

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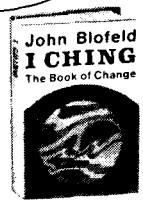

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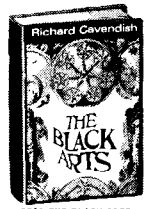

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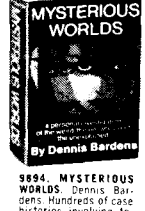

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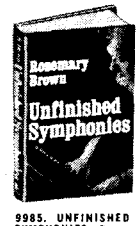

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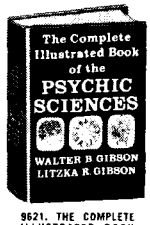

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WOMEN

WE ARE FULLY committed to equal employment opportunity," declared a spokesperson for the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. In testimony filed with the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, D.C., ATT said it has been unjustly maligned by the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission.

The Bell System, according to EEOC documents, is "the largest oppressor of women workers in the United States," whose "policies toward women are morally and ethically indefensible, and since July 2, 1965, they have been against the law." The report quantified the difference paid to female employees as $500 million per year less than males with comparable personal characteristics. In regard to blacks, the report found that progress in black employment meant the hiring of large numbers of black females as operators. According to the report, the company was attempting to comply with racial requirements by substituting another form of low-paid work—in effect, replacing one form of illegal discrimination with another.

In rebuttal testimony, a Pacific Telephone official said that his firm has "pioneered new concepts in the employment of minorities and women." Pacific, a subsidiary of ATT, stressed the rapid rate of change in hiring patterns. According to the spokesperson, women are being hired into and transferred to jobs from which they were previously excluded by state protective laws, and minorities and women are being hired at a rapidly increasing rate directly into management positions. Of all the Bell System managers, one-third are women, and more than half, 32,000, earn over $10,000 annually.

The work of the Women's News Collective has grown out of a weekly radio program of Women's News at KPFA in Berkeley. We welcome readers' contributions, particularly items from women's struggles outside the U.S.

THE PLIGHT OF LONDON women who clean office buildings by night and care for their children by day was the subject of a special article in the New York *Times*, July 27, 1972.

May Hobbs, who for the last eight years has been attempting to organize the night cleaners, described her own work. "I *had* to work at night. With four children, you don't do it for pin money; you go out because you need money desperately, but you can't leave the children to take a day job. I came from a political family, so I knew we were bloomin' exploited."

The two male-dominated trade unions which the women were eligible to join failed to support and encourage them in their struggle for better pay and working conditions. Salaries for the night cleaners range from $29 to $34 per week; they work from 10 p.m. to 6 a.m. but many stay later to finish their jobs although there is no overtime pay. Only the better buildings provide hot water for coffee or tea, and the women provide their own sandwiches for the dinner hour at 1 a.m.

Two years ago the women cleaners found a new ally, the Women's Liberation Movement. "Month after month they stuck to us and never faltered," said Ms. Hobbs. "Without them we would have failed." Members of the Women's Liberation Workshop printed leaflets examining job conditions and the question of forming a union. They visited selected buildings across London each week, distributing the leaflets and discussing them with the workers. Together, the Women's Liberationists and the cleaners have formed the Cleaners Action Group, whose major goals are adequate staffing of all buildings, a minimum wage of £19 a week (about $45), sick pay and vacation pay. "Our women are learning to run themselves," Ms. Hobbs said. "They've been suppressed for so many years, they have nothing left to be frightened of."

A NUMBER OF ARTICLES and estimates have been published this year on the question of the financial worth of the housewife. Last Valentine's Day, Sylvia Porter's column in *Business World* measured a wife's worth at $257.53 a week for 99.6 hours of work, based on a study done by Chase Manhattan Bank in 1966. Ms. Porter had updated the Chase figures to reflect 1972 wage schedules in the New York area.

An article perhaps more widely read by housewives appeared in the July issue of *Ms.* magazine. Ann Crittenden Scott used the same figures in her discussion as did Ms. Porter, calculating the annual salary at $13,391.56. The twelve job categories considered in both articles were: nursemaid, dietitian, food buyer, cook, dishwasher, housekeeper, laundress, seamstress, practical nurse, maintenance person, gardener and chauffeur.

But neither Ms. Porter nor Ms. Scott include the job of childbearing in their calculations of the cash value of a wife. During the week of July 27, a classified ad appeared in the weekly Philadelphia newspaper, *The Drummer:* "Wanted; Female to become pregnant." The advertisement offered $10,000 plus expenses, a $3000 educational scholarship and "fringe benefits" to any woman under 26 willing to produce a baby for a childless couple. Many women applied for the job, but the offer turned out to be a hoax perpetrated by Lenard E. Goodfarb, a 45-year-old actuary. As we go to press, Mr. Goodfarb's motives are still questionable, for he has explained that the ad was an attempt to determine the value of the service of childbearing, but has also admitted that the original ad was "30 percent true." One wonders if Mr. Goodfarb isn't prostituting himself.

IN SPAIN, IT IS STILL written into the civil code that "for reasons of matrimonial harmony, the husband is the decision maker as his natural, religious and historical right." Without her husband's written permission, a married Spanish woman cannot, for example, transfer property, appear as a witness in court, apply for a passport, sign a contract, or establish a bank account

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of her own.

Strong-arm censorship forbids any printed or spoken statement in favor of divorce, abortion or the use of contraceptive devices. Mere participation in a feminist rap session can lead to several years in jail. Even so, a growing number of Spanish women are willing to take the risks involved in working for women's rights in Spain. An underground coalition group, called the Women's Democratic Movement, is currently working to educate Spanish women to their plight and organize them to take an active stand against social and political oppression.

Perhaps somewhat indicative of the Spanish *macho* mentality is a trial held recently in which a Spanish woman was sentenced to two years and four months in prison after police found feminist propaganda in her apartment. Her husband, who is not politically active in any sense, was sentenced to an equal amount of time. It was somehow inconceivable to the Spanish judge that a woman could be moved to act politically in her own right, unabetted by a male.

As a relatively recent development on the Spanish political scene, the Women's Democratic Movement is sorely in need of funds for legal defense. Anyone interested in helping the movement financially or in providing it with pertinent literature is asked to contact the Women's Room at 2490 Channing Way, room 504, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Poor Derek's Almanac

ONE THING about that new American society we are interested in building: it won't come magically out of thin air or History's hat. It has to be devised, proposed, tested, and struggled for.

Around the country, people are saying it's time for the American left to get on with this work. Whatever the shortcomings of Senator McGovern's program—and there are many—his campaign and convention victory have raised the issue of Issues and Positions on Alternative Policies to the level of public debate, if not public awareness. There is new political fermentation in America, and we would do well to recall what Staughton Lynd wrote last year: "To be serious about being an alternative government, we must be able to talk concretely about how a socialist society would deal with problems which oppress people now."

Our job, in part, is to work out the specifics, to conceive and set up alternative models and to demonstrate that they are not only workable, but better than the present institutions. Already, in many parts of the country, this new round of radical experimentation has begun. The purpose of this column is to facilitate communication between groups and individuals who are exploring specific alternatives and working for them politically. Each month I will report on groups that are doing interesting and important political work, let you know how to get in touch with them, how you can help them, join them, and obtain their literature. In addition, I'll mention articles in journals and magazines that seem worthwhile, as well as new books, pamphlets, slide shows and films which are relevant to the task of building a new American society.

In deference to Ben Franklin—to whom we owe the name of this column—let us commence with a group called the People's American Revolutionary Bi-centennial Commission (1346 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Room 1021, Washington, D.C. 20036, Telephone (202) 833-9121). The purpose of the Commission is to expose the plans of the Nixon Administration and Corporate America for turning the Bicentennial in 1976 into a gigantic merchandising effort. In addition, it seeks to help communities develop alternative activities which highlight the American radical tradition and suggest alternatives to the future envisioned by America, Inc.

The People's Commission has posters, buttons, pamphlets, records, and proposed programs of action for high schools, universities, and community groups. It makes available 4-minute radio spots, and already over 900 stations have broadcast this material. For $5, the Commission will send you a complete packet of educational material, including a 15-page booklet on radical democratic thought in America. A subscription to the Commission's bi-monthly newsletter, "Committee of Correspondence," costs $2 a year. Moreover, by subscribing you will be informed of regional workshops to be held later this fall and next year.

In October, Lyle Stuart, Publisher is bringing out a book called *Revolution American Style—the Bi-centennial Declaration,* edited by Jeremy Rifkin and John Rossen, two organizers of the People's Commission. The book will include essays by Staughton Lynd, Bill Domhoff, and Ed Schwartz, as well as Jeremy Rifkin's "The Red, White and Blue Left." Particularly recommended is the piece by Domhoff, author of *Who Rules America?,* on "How to Commit Revolution in Corporate America."

Also soon to be published is the important book, *Strategy and Program —Two Essays Towards a New American Socialism,* by Staughton Lynd and Gar Alperovitz (Beacon Press, late 1972). Alperovitz's essay, "Notes Towards a Pluralist Commonwealth," proposes a vision of decentralized, community-controlled socialism for America. An addendum to the essay lists 15 possible "non-reformist reforms" which people might consider organizing around. Lynd's essay, "Prospects for the New Left" (written in 1971), deals with strategy and tactics for the left over the next decade.

Finally, the July-August, 1972 issue of the journal *Socialist Revolution* (single copies $1.50; subscriptions $6.00, 396 Sanchez St., San Francisco, Calif. 94114) has a very informative article by James Weinstein, in which the historian discusses the successes and failures of the old left (and the reasons why) and the growth and present condition of the new left.

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to Derek Shearer, RAMPARTS *Magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California 94704.*

by Derek Shearer

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The Americanization of the Persian Gulf

Mr. Shirley Temple, a certain Charles Black, has been engaged by the U. S. Government to carry out fishing expeditions in the Persian Gulf. His fishing company, Mardello, is in fact an undercover spy operation.

IN THE LAST TWELVE months the U.S. has replaced Britain as master of the oil-rich Persian Gulf, the richest site of imperialist plunder in the third world. For 150 years, from its war against Napoleon to its imperialist twilight in the late 1960s, Britain dominated the Gulf, and ensured the flow of oil and profits to the West. But at the end of 1917, Britain finally withdrew her colonial tutelage, leaving a set of shaky neo-colonial states to continue the protection of Western interests. In a pattern set ever since 1947, when the U.S. took over the British role in Greece under the Truman Doctrine, Britain's pullout has been followed by a stepped-up U.S. involvement. Nixon's trip to Iran after his Moscow visit highlighted this change.

There are three reasons for this U.S. move. First, the Gulf is a zone of U.S.-Soviet rivalry. Soviet economic and military power in Iraq, at the head of the Gulf, has led that country to boot out the Western oil monopoly that has long dominated its economy. Soviet naval activities in the Gulf, the Indian Ocean, and the Red Sea trouble Pentagon strategists. The U.S. has already announced that once they are no longer needed in Indochina, ships of the Seventh Fleet will be redeployed in the Indian Ocean and Mideast zones.

MAP BY JOHN WILLIAMS

A second reason for U.S. concern is that the regimes in Iran and in the Arab states along the Gulf coast are thought to be unstable from the West's point of view. Both inter-state disputes and clashes between the regimes and the popular opposition movements are likely in the near future. In the Sultanate of Oman, Marxist-Leninist guerrillas have liberated most of the province of Dhofar and have tied down the Sultan's army. The U.S. reckons that its presence in the Gulf will counter these destabilizing forces.

The third and most important reason is that the Gulf is the richest source of oil in the world. In the spring of 1972, the Nixon Administration began to issue alarmist statements about the future U.S. dependence on Gulf oil and the political weaknesses this could lead to. While the British were there, they controlled the zone *politically*—but the U.S. has the greatest *economic power*, with ownership of two-thirds of the oil and a $5 billion investment. With 70 percent of the capitalist world's known reserves the Gulf is the key to U.S.

(Continued on page 20)

by Fred Halliday

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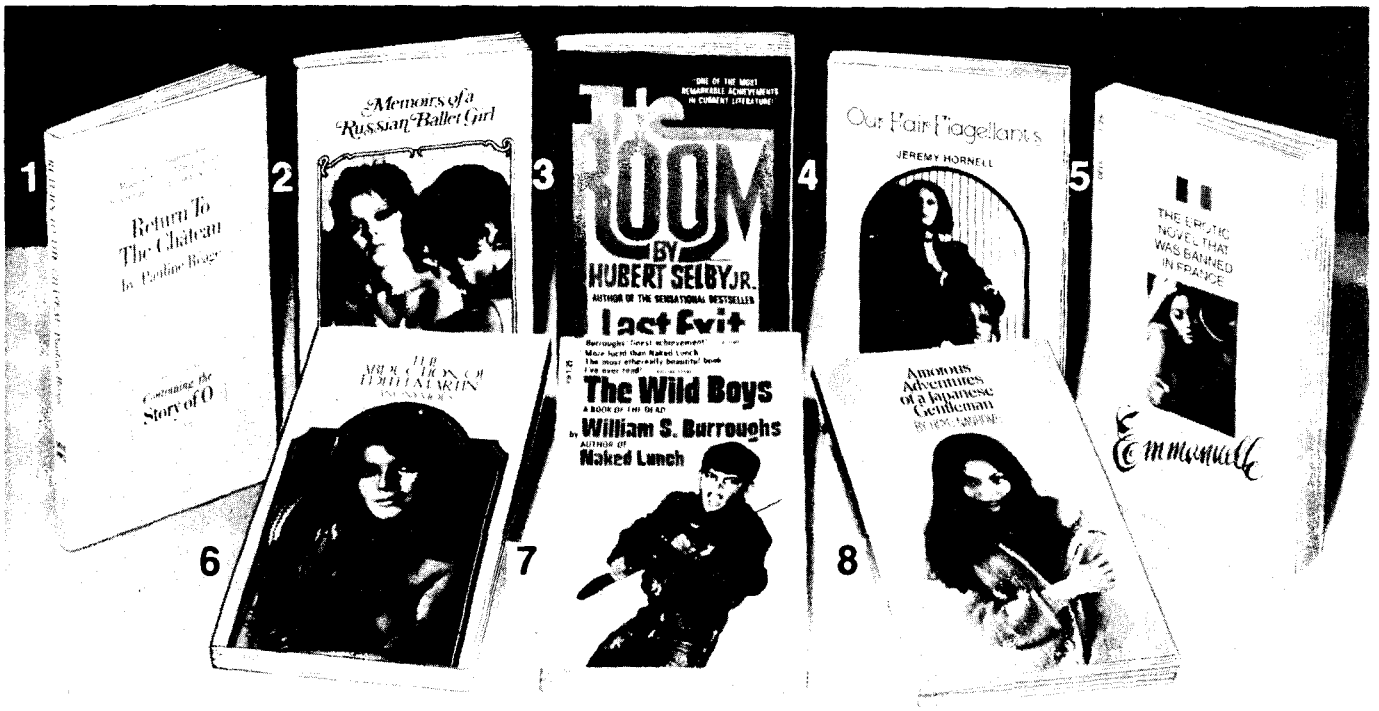

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(From page 18)

economic plunder of the Third World. Gulf oil is 30 times cheaper to produce than Texan or Alaskan oil, and this wealth of oil makes the area prone to careful Pentagon attention. With depletion in the U.S. and delays on the Alaska pipeline, the United States may have to import more than the mere 10 percent it does at the moment, and the big source for these imports will be the Gulf.

First public sign of the U.S. build-up in the Gulf came in January with the revelation that the U.S. had reached a secret deal on naval facilities in the Gulf state of Bahrain. The base there was built by the British, and the U.S. had used part of it since 1947. Last year, as the British began to leave, the U.S. moved in.

According to the State Department, the U.S. activity in the Gulf is only "a flag-showing operation to manifest U.S. interest in the area." But this is a lie. Although the U.S. presence is small (260 men permanently on shore, a flagship, two destroyers), it provides a foothold for future deployments, and for a permanent watch on all Soviet actions in the Gulf and Red Sea. It is also clearly a basis for U.S. intervention in Bahrain if the ruling pro-imperialist al-Khalifa family runs into trouble.

In 1956 and in 1965, British-officered troops crushed popular uprisings. Strikes began again in 1970, and a third big upsurge came this March, when a strike at the airport spread to town, and all shops, factories and schools came out on strike. After four days of battles in the streets, when the government used armored cars and reportedly brought in Bedouin tribesmen from Saudi Arabia, the workers were forced to return to work. Their leaders were thrown into prison. The U.S. is unlikely to have a quiet time in Bahrain with allies like the ruling al-Khalifa family. Since the first uprising of 1956, the al-Khalifa have lived outside the capital in a special fortified village, guarded by armed Bedouin. They doubtless find the U.S. naval presence reassuring.

More important than the Bahrain deal is the recent U.S. move into the Sultanate of Oman. Last October, Omani Sultan Qabus entertained a party of U.S. visitors aboard his yacht. Head of the mission was Robert Anderson, Texas oilman and Secretary of the Treasury under Eisenhower—in this instance a front man for an elaborate move by the U.S. to move into the oil-rich Sultanate.

The most important publicized deal fixed up by Anderson was between the Sultan and a U.S. firm with fishing interests, Mardello, of which Charles Black, husband of Shirley Temple, is the head. Ostensibly, Mardello plans to run a joint U.S.-Omani fishing company off the Omani coast, i.e., in the northwest Indian Ocean. But officials in Washington, London and Muscat (Oman's capital) have let it be known that Mardello will also carry out intelligence surveillance for the U.S. government, spying on Russian naval activity in the Indian Ocean and on smaller ships that may be engaged in arms smuggling in the zone.

* * *

THE SULTANATE IS THE site of a fierce guerrilla war located in the southern province of Dhofar. Marxist-Leninist guerrillas in a People's Liberation Army have for eight years been fighting a people's war there against the British and their local mercenary army. They have captured most of the province and pose a direct political threat to the rest of the Gulf. Up to now the British-run Omani army has done without U.S. aid, but the new Mardello deal has changed this. According to the London *Evening Standard's* correspondent: "Washington observers now believe that President Nixon has decided to help protect the 1000-mile coastline of Oman."

In addition to this naval deal, Anderson has done well out of his Omani venture. He now has a contract to set up a diplomatic service for the Sultan, who has no ambassadors abroad at all. He has won oil exploration rights for part of the Sultanate, and for a large section of the offshore area. In addition he has acquired mineral rights for the whole of the country. No details of what might be there have been given, but the Egyptian press reported in January that large deposits of uranium had been found in the Omani interior. This possibility, plus the fact that Omani oil is sulphur-free, make the country a rich prize.

The U.S. entry into Oman has only come after long negotiation. The Sultan used to be out of touch with the U.S. because he had a territorial dispute with the U.S.-backed Saudi Arabian government. But in June 1971, while the Sultan was in London on a private visit, he met representatives of the CIA. They proposed that the U.S. should give the Sultan financial aid to help him develop the country and step up his campaign in Dhofar. In December, the long-standing Saudi-Omani dispute was patched up; Omani Sultan Qabus visited Saudi Arabia and the deal was sealed. Since then Saudi and Omani forces have worked together. In particular, they have coordinated attacks on the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, a revolutionary state that borders Oman and has given continued support to the guerrillas in Dhofar. Documents and arms captured from the attackers prove that the U.S. is helping these moves. Prisoners taken in the fighting have also reported receiving training from U.S. instructors in camps inside Saudi Arabia.

Although the zone is economically far more vital to the U.S. than Indochina, there is no likelihood in the immediate future of any comparable military interventions by the U.S. Rather than hold the people down itself, the U.S. wants the growing military powers of Saudi Arabia and Iran to do the job for it. Both countries have received massive military aid in the past twenty years. But the nature of U.S. commitment is such that, over the long run, it could easily find itself involved in a very messy situation. It stands behind the local rulers and is prepared to step up its intervention if its strategic and economic interests are threatened.

"Flag-showing" could then give way to "flag-waving." Places like Oman, Bahrain, Dhofar, and Yemen could then take on the importance that Laos, Quang Tri, and the Parrot's Beak have today.

Fred Halliday is an editor of New Left Review *in London.*

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THE DIPLOMACY OF TERROR:

BEHIND THE DECISION TO BOMB THE DIKES

"A series of secret diplomatic messages, recently made known to Ramparts, tends to bear out Hanoi's charge that the Nixon Administration is systematically destroying North Vietnam's dike system. As Washington is well aware, the destruction of the dikes would cause the devastation of the North Vietnamese heartland and the slaughter of millions throughout the country. . . ."

by David Landau

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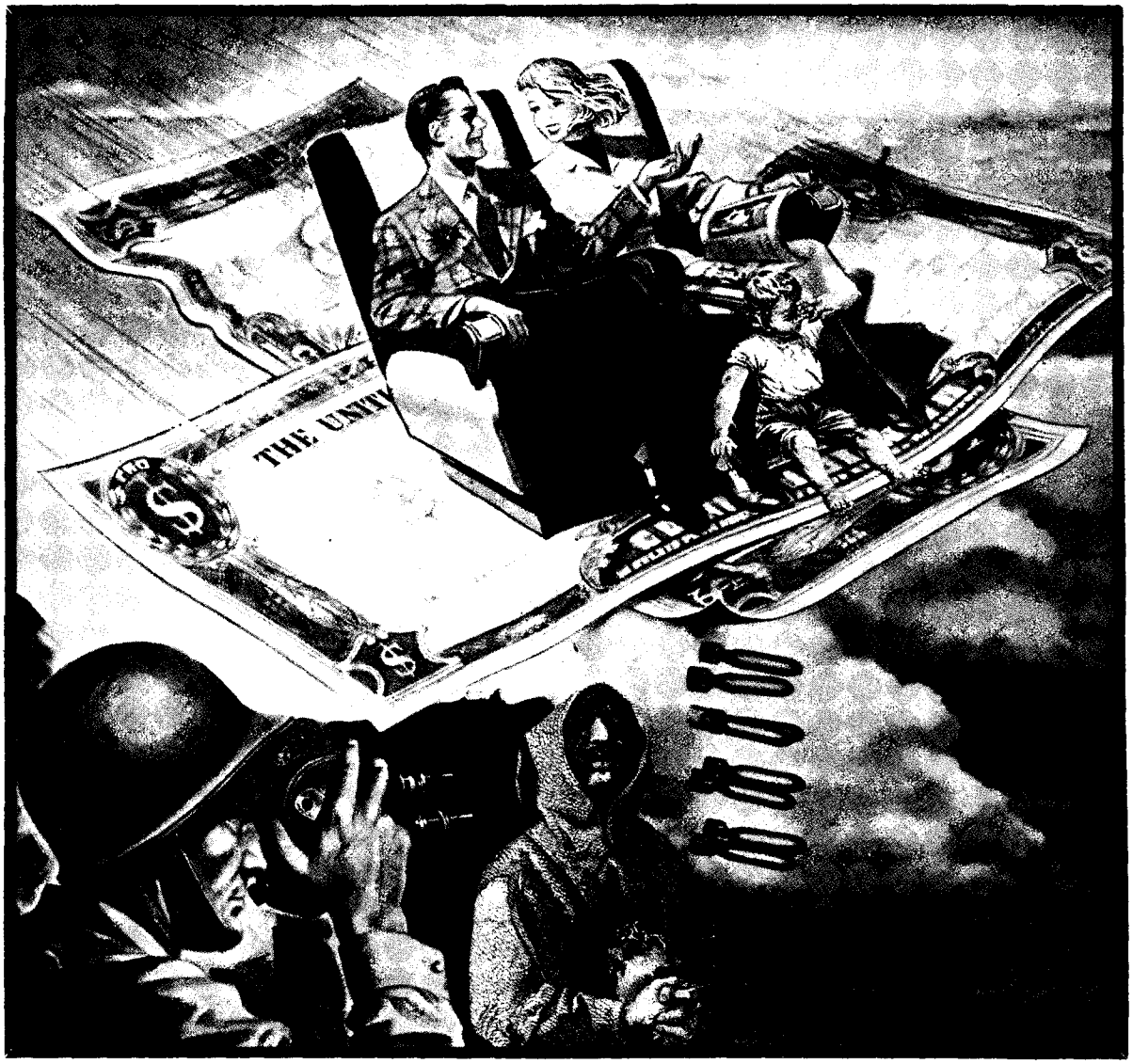

THERE IS ALWAYS CAUSE FOR WONDER when an American President speculates aloud on the destruction of an entire country in a single stroke. When the President is Richard Nixon, the time mid-1972, and the country North Vietnam, wonderment alone hardly seems an adequate response. President Nixon's rather off-handed reference, in his press conference of July 27, to "the great power that could finish off North Vietnam in an afternoon," is probably the most macabre statement ever to have been made in the long history of American Presidential pronouncements on Vietnam. Of course Nixon quickly reassured the Washington press corps that this "great power" would not be used. Yet the import of the President's hooligan-esque rhetoric is clear: the obliteration of North Vietnam may not be far off. And the evidence is mounting that the Nixon Administration may already have embarked on a military adventure in Indochina before which all those past now pale in comparison: the calculated destruction of North Vietnam's dike system.

Hanoi's representatives in Paris have told Herbert Marcovich, an influential French scientist, and have informed Henry Kissinger and other U.S. officials in private negotiations, that American bombs falling on the Red River Delta have in fact wreaked substantial damage on North Vietnam's dikes. Yet North Vietnamese communications also show that U.S. government statements on the dike bombings, and the ensuing public debate in this country, have focused on the largely meaningless issue of whether American planes are making direct hits on North Vietnamese dikes. The greatest harm to the dikes, according to these communications, has been perpetrated not through direct bombardment, but rather through attacks on nearby targets, which cause immense shock waves to travel through the ground and slowly undermine the structural foundations of the dikes themselves. Decades old, composed of earth material, and vulnerable to even the slightest tremor, the dikes of the Red River Delta have likely been severely damaged in this way by America's mammoth air offensive against the North.

David Landau is the author of Kissinger: The Uses of Power, *the first major work to appear on President Nixon's national security advisor. The book is scheduled to be released by Houghton Mifflin on October 2.*

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM A SERIES ENTITLED "IS THIS WHAT WE WANT?" BY SATTY

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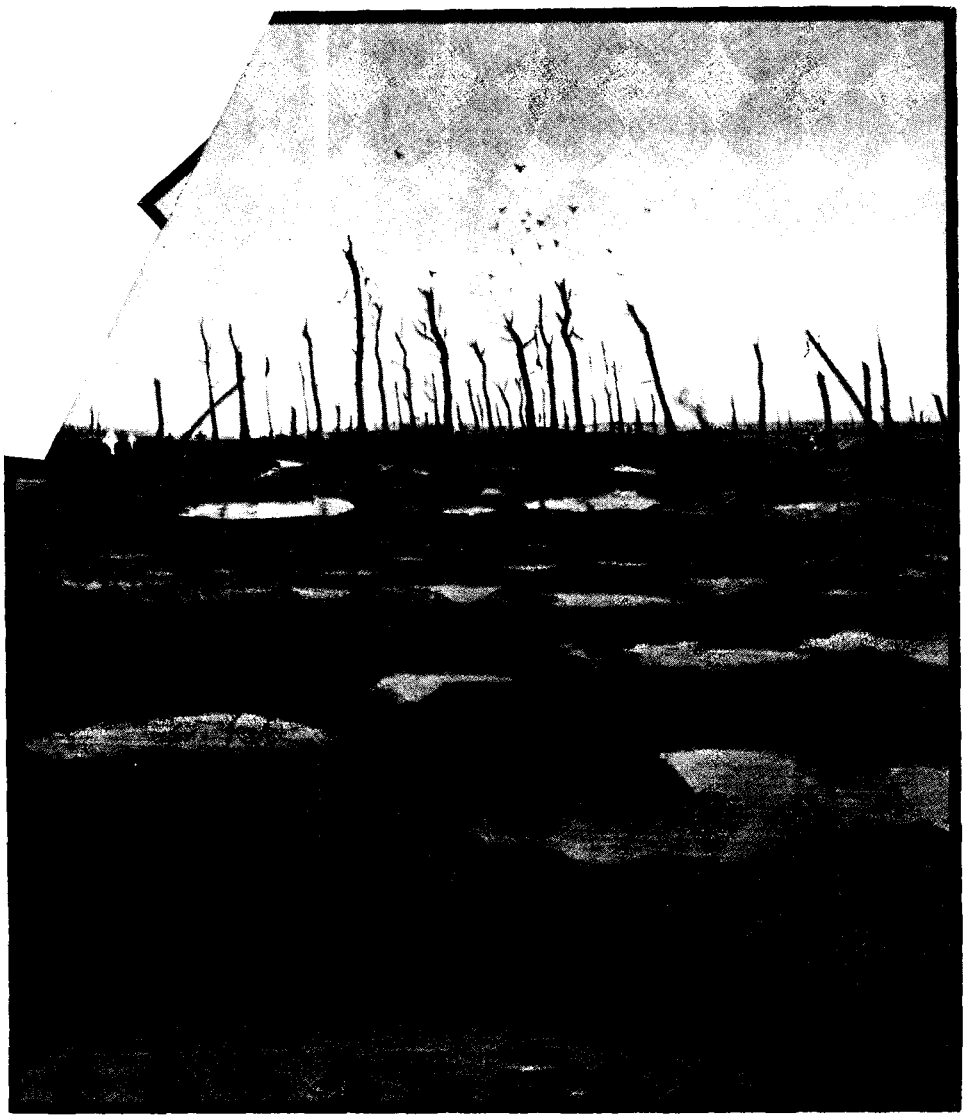

Without an understanding of *indirect* damage to the dikes, it is impossible to evaluate Hanoi's charge that the United States is systematically destroying the North Vietnamese dike system. This understanding is vital to an informed assessment of Washington's public statements on the dike bombing issue. Indeed, a careful reading of recent official statements would indicate that the Administration comprehends the damage it is doing, that it continues its air offensive in blatant disregard of the devastation the bombs may bring to the civilian population of North Vietnam.

The deliberate nature of American policy falls quite sharply into focus against a background of private North Vietnamese communications, whose formulators never intended them to see the light of publication, and whose very nature demands that they be considered as more than elaborate propaganda schemes. A series of such messages from Hanoi, transmitted in June and July and recently made known to RAMPARTS, confirms that North Vietnam has been completely serious in its charges that American bombing has caused considerable damage to its dikes.

Toward the end of June, Herbert Marcovich, a microbiologist at the University of Paris, sought and received an audience with a number of Hanoi's representatives in Paris. With more than usual concern, he had just read several North Vietnamese releases describing the damage which had been done to individual dikes in the Red River Delta. He had also seen an article in *Le Monde* by Yves Lacoste, a Paris geographer, which carried an explanation of how indirect American bombardment had caused damage to North Vietnam's dikes during the 1965–1968 bombardment of the North, and how they might now do so again; that story had stirred unpleasant memories for him.

Marcovich was not a person unfamiliar with Vietnam; for four months in late 1967 he served as the principal intermediary in what is now regarded as the most meaningful secret exchange between Washington and Hanoi prior to the opening of the Paris peace talks. Although the exchange failed to bring about any agreement between the two sides, it resulted in the most prolonged contact between Washington and Hanoi, and the most far-reaching proposals from both sides, before the first Paris meetings in May 1968. The

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negotiations began when Marcovich and another intermediary—Raymond Aubrac, a Maquis officer in World War II and a personal friend of Ho Chi Minh—traveled to Hanoi for meetings with the North Vietnamese heads of state. During his stay, Marcovich had four hours of conversation with Prime Minister Pham Van Dong; through the remainder of the negotiations, he spent considerable time with Hanoi's emissaries in Paris, becoming intimately familiar with North Vietnam's methods of negotiations and even with many of the contours of Hanoi's internal political debates. During this period, Marcovich also became well acquainted with Washington's decision-making apparatus, and, more important, came to know as a familiar figure the American contact who would emerge as a leading U.S. diplomat some 18 months in the future: Henry Kissinger, then a Harvard professor and an active behind-the-scenes consultant to Robert McNamara and other leading Washington policymakers on Vietnam.

Between July and October 1967, Marcovich acted as a go-between for Kissinger and Mai Van Bo—the leading North Vietnamese representative in Paris—and often played a role in the formulation of the messages that each side sent to the other, making suggestions about the negotiating positions, and the wording of those positions, which might prolong the dialogue between the warring powers. Subsequent disclosures revealed that these negotiations almost succeeded in bringing about an American bombing halt and initiating direct talks between the governments in Washington and Hanoi, and that they came far closer than had any other dialogue in actually doing so. That the 1967 negotiations lasted as long as they did is testimony to the trust and confidence which both governments placed in Marcovich; it is also a measure of his ability to be fair and objective about the situation of each side.

IN THE PERIOD FOLLOWING THE COLLAPSE of the 1967 negotiations, Marcovich continued an informal association with North Vietnamese diplomats in Paris, and, as ever, was an astute follower of Washington policymaking, a man in frequent contact with friends and academic colleagues in the United States. When Hanoi's representatives met last June with Marcovich, at his initiative, to discuss the issue of the dike bombings, they were not talking with a political ingenue, not one of those "well-intentioned and naive people," as President Nixon has caricatured them, who are "taken in" by "enemy-inspired propaganda"; they were talking with a seasoned observer of secret Vietnam diplomacy, a man who had had unusually extensive contact with personalities on both sides of the conflict and who will probably emerge as a leading figure in the accounts of the private negotiations as their full history is gradually unveiled. What sets Marcovich apart from every personality to have offered public comment on whether the United States has engaged in the calculated destruction of the North Vietnamese dikes, is that he is thoroughly knowledgeable about the policymaking on both sides of the war, and has had prolonged, first-hand experience in the diplomatic exchanges growing out of it.

Marcovich is also aware of the damage which sustained bombardment of the
system. During his trip
visited dikes pock-marke
from shore, craters which, h
him, had been dug by the pre
nearby. Long before the opening o
ganda offensive" on the dike bomb
North Vietnamese officials were report
American bombs were causing damage to
dikes; indeed, Pham Van Dong had told Ma
Aubrac in Hanoi, during their July 1967 meeting,
North Vietnamese government had earlier made wha
ited provisions it could for a full-scale American attack
the entire dike network. And the information which Marcovich received in Paris last June pre-dated the first North Vietnamese charges of deliberate attacks on the dikes.

What the North Vietnamese told Marcovich, who was acting on his own behalf and not as an authorized intermediary at Hanoi's beckoning, was understood to reflect the official views of their government and of Prime Minister Pham Van Dong. American bombs had, as Hanoi publicly charged, been damaging North Vietnamese dikes; the bombers had also mounted anti-personnel attacks on workmen who were attempting to repair the dikes. Most important, North Vietnam's greatest fear was that the entire dike system would be gradually and subtly undermined by the shock waves from American bombs, which were falling not on the dikes themselves, but on nearby areas throughout the Red River Delta.

Significantly, the North Vietnamese had not yet published the much graver charges that the dike attacks were a calculated act of U.S. policy. Their statements to Marcovich left open the possibility that the indirect attacks on the dikes were simply a rash mistake, attributable either to unauthorized behavior on the part of U.S. airmen, or even to Washington's ignorance of how critical had been its decision to authorize air raids in the immediate area of the dike networks. The North Vietnamese disclosures to Marcovich had a tentative, almost quizzical, aspect about them. But within a few weeks' time, it is apparent, Hanoi had come to feel that the U.S. was in fact engaged in a systematic campaign to weaken the dikes. It is a feeling that Marcovich, not an easy man to fool, now shares. "For me," he recently told this writer, "it is very clear" that U.S. bombers are constantly causing damage to North Vietnam's dikes.

The North Vietnamese statements to Marcovich have also been made, in much greater detail and substance, to Henry Kissinger, and other American officials, in the recent secret negotiations. Official sources, apprised of what Hanoi's representatives told Marcovich, have acknowledged to RAMPARTS that Kissinger has been receiving the same messages in Paris—that by bombing near the dikes, American planes might as well be bombing the dikes themselves. And what makes this disclosure particularly shocking is the fact that numerous Administration spokesmen, and the State Department paper of July 28, have confirmed that U.S. bombers are authorized to hit targets bordering on the dike system, and are doing so. Yet, when speaking to their own public, Nixon Administration officials imply that there is a real difference between direct hits on dikes, which they go

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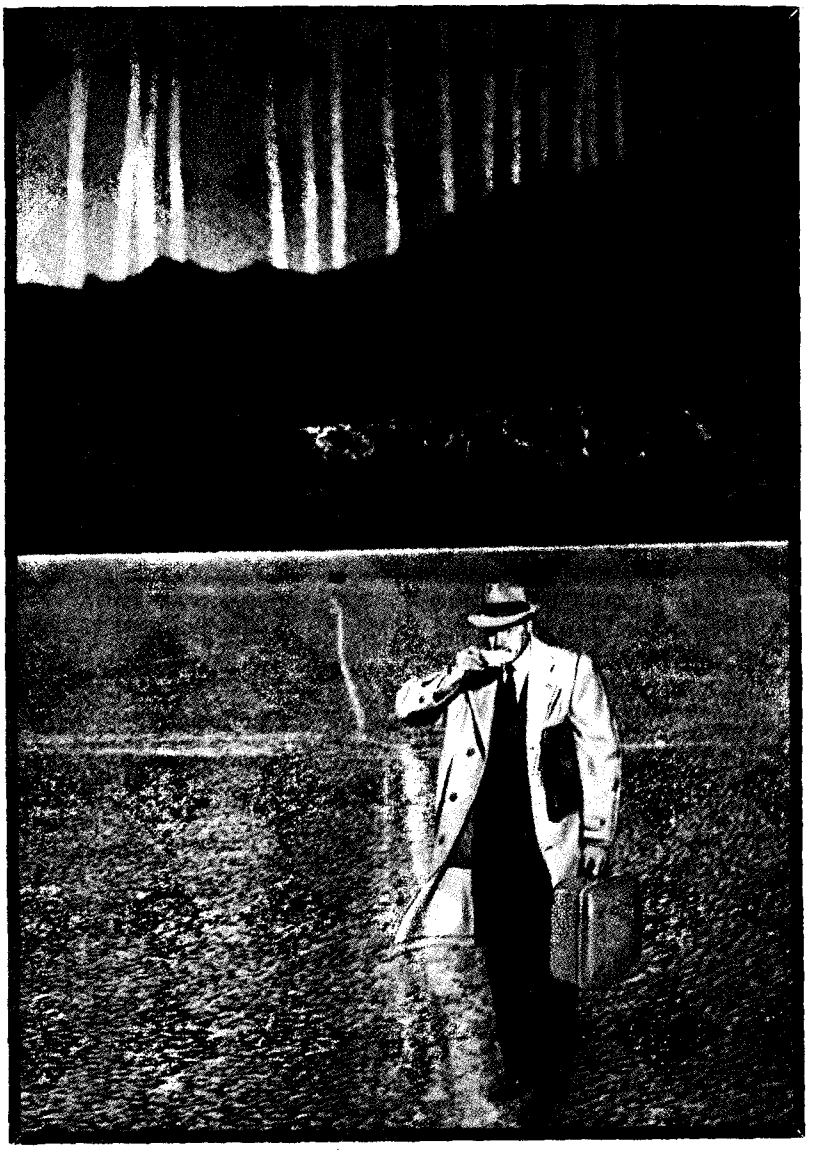

to some verbal lengths to deplore, and strikes against "military" targets near dikes, which they state are legitimate, and which cause damage to the dikes only accidentally.

Remarkably, Washington's official disclaimers on the dike bombings have never denied Hanoi's specific charges, and have even provided indirect corroboration of them. Most often, official U.S. statements have set up an elaborate series of straw men and then proceeded to knock them down. No, it is unthinkable that the American government would actually commit mass murder against the civilian population of North Vietnam by opening up the dikes. Yes, there is magnanimity and self-restraint in America's bombing campaign. After all, to quote the President once again, "We are not using the great power that could finish off North Vietnam in an afternoon, and we will not." Nuclear weapons, in other words, are not on the agenda for the immediate future. And, of course, American planes are not targeting the Red River dikes; the bombs are not making direct hits on them. "In recent weeks," the State Department paper of July 28 begins, "Hanoi has tried to convince the world that its elaborate dike system is a direct and deliberate target of U.S. attacks. This is not true." Of course the dikes are not a *direct* target; perhaps a deliberate target, but never a direct one. (Not even the cardboard figures in Hanoi would take so mindless and simplistic a view.) And yet, at the same time, the State Department is able to report in the same paper that "Of the 12 locations where damage has occurred, 10 are close to identified individual targets such as petroleum storage facilities, and the other two are adjacent to road and river transport lines. Because a large number of North Vietnamese dikes serve as bases for roadways, the maze they create throughout the Delta makes it *almost inevitable that air attacks directed against transportation targets cause scattered damage to dikes"* (emphasis added).

IT IS POSSIBLE THAT, BY THE TIME THESE words are printed, American bombs will have caused such extensive damage to the Red River dikes that they will be broken by the torrential waters which gather through the first weeks of North Vietnam's rainy season in the mountains above the great Tonkin Plain, finally to

(Continued on page 52)

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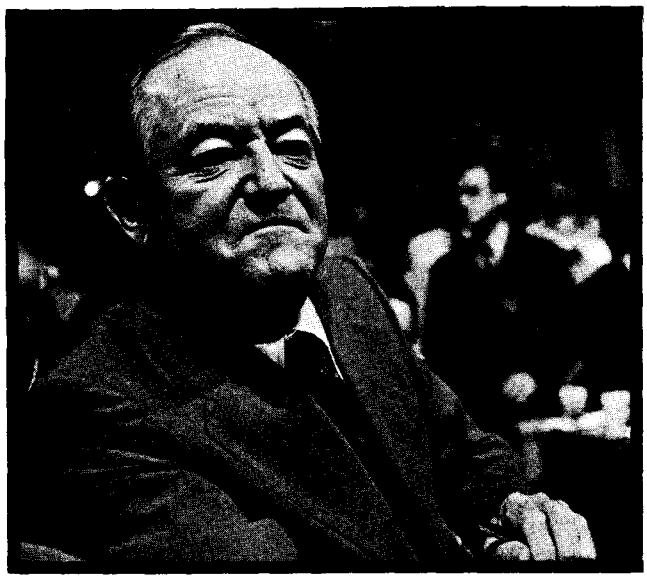
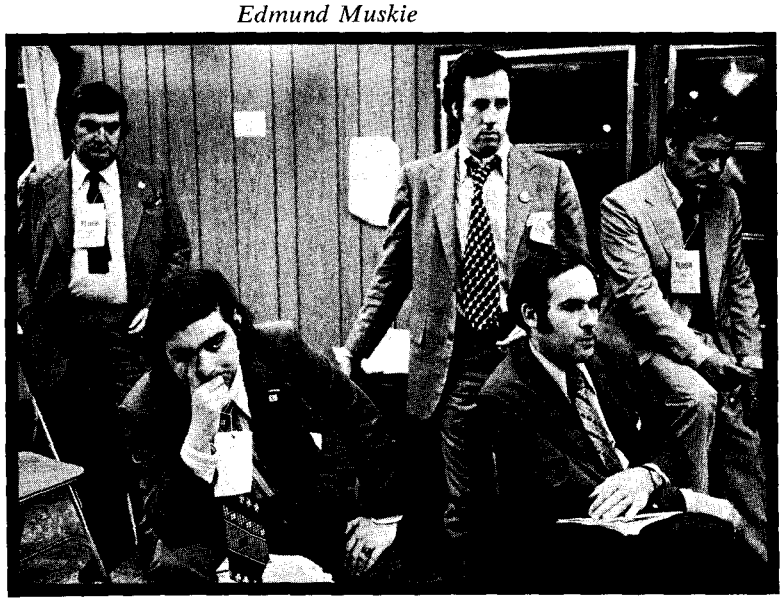


Hubert Humphrey

Edmund Muskie

ELECTION '72

A PHOTO ESSAY
BY PETER KENNER



McGovern's organization men flanked by Salinger and Mankiewicz

George McGovern and Coretta King

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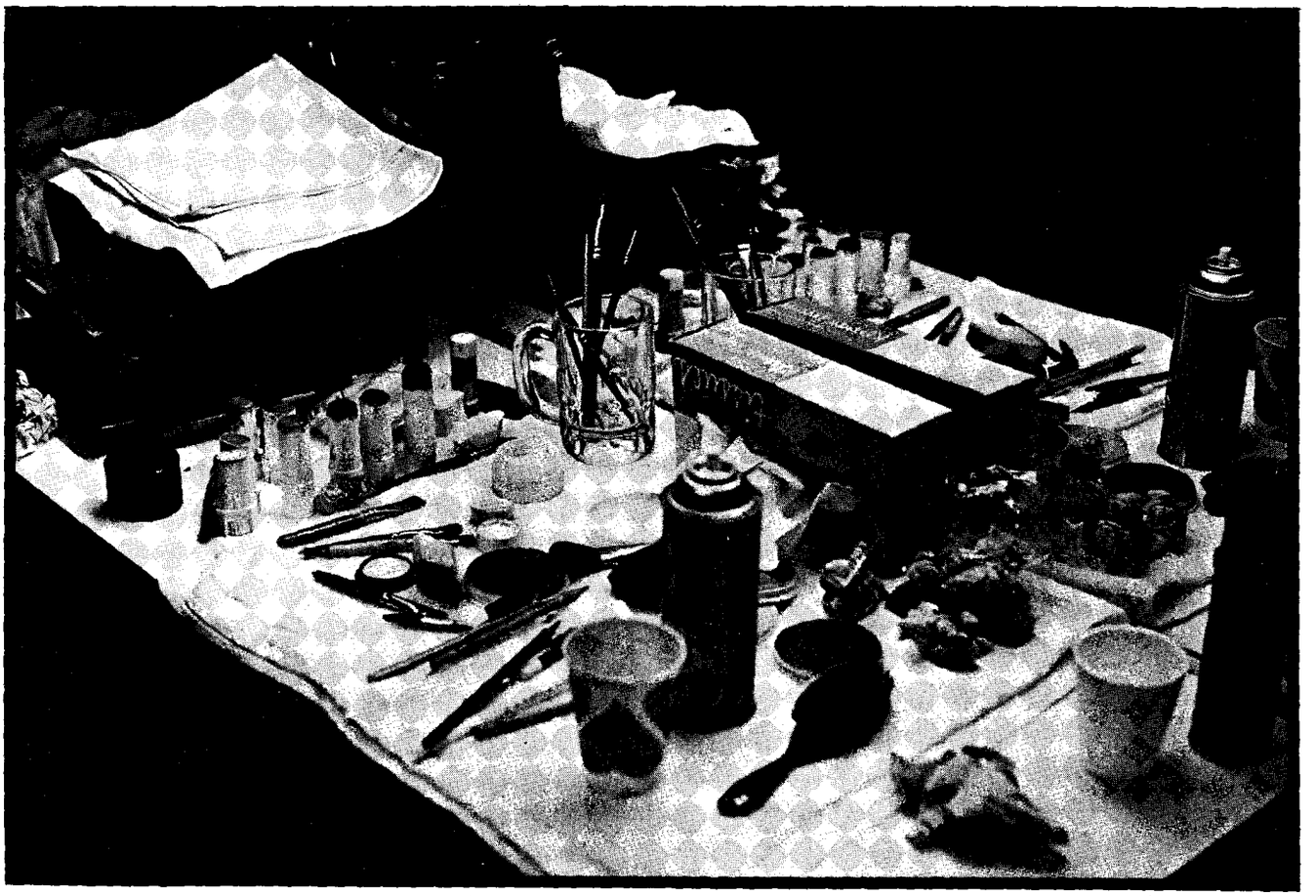

The Making-Up of the President. . .and his Vice President

"Oh, Sarge? He's a good soldier"

—— Senator Edward Kennedy

SARGENT SHRIVER AND GEORGE MC GOVERN make an odd couple indeed, and it is difficult to imagine a serious partnership between them. As Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Democratic vice-presidential candidate was architect and administrator of the very domestic policies McGovern is pledged to change. It was the most disastrous phase of Shriver's spotty career in government. McGovern, and all of us, might do well to recall that unhappy period.

When Congress wrote the original poverty law, it included in the legislation language which called for the maximum feasible participation of the poor themselves in the federal program. This concept, that poor people were entitled to influence their own destiny, was translated into programs through the community action section of the OEC. The federal government gave grants directly to poor groups, most of them in large cities.

The community action section was considered, at the time, a fairly strong step for a conservative Democratic Congress, since it struck directly at the Democratic machines in cities such as Chicago. These machines owed their livelihood to patronage, especially welfare patronage. They had converted the New Deal welfare programs into a system of colonial rule. The OEC was meant to change this situation—in effect reforming, or if necessary superseding, the welfare system—by offering the poor, disenfranchised citizens the money and technical tools to fend for themselves against the machines. In that sense, it held out real possibilities for an opening towards radical reconstruction.

But Shriver made sure there was no radical reconstruction. He did so almost immediately after the program got started, ruining it by making a deal with Mayor Daley of Chicago, the city where Shriver had once run the Merchandise Mart. Mayor Daley's welfare apparatus was directed towards keeping the blacks, who accounted for one quarter of the city's population, penned up in two enormous ghettoes. Daley kept the blacks in hand through his welfare program and by means of his tough police.

The idea of the poverty program was to reach past the existing system, directly touching the poor, binding them together through community action so that they could pull themselves out of the hole. Soon after he took over the OEC, Shriver began issuing Rotarian slush on this subject. Consider a typical statement:

by Jim Ridgeway

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Our general counsel would tell you that the war on poverty—or at least the community action phase of it—is a program where an entire city, or neighborhood, or county, or state enters into a binding agreement to pull itself up by its bootstraps. In effect, it means that communities are applying to us for a new type of corporate charter. They are incorporating themselves as a new enterprise—a new business—the business of creating opportunity for the very poor. This job can't be done piecemeal. This new enterprise—the community action program—will have to design and tool up for a new model: Opportunity—1965 style.

With $12.7 million in federal funds, Chicago's poverty program was the largest in the nation, and a "model" for others to imitate. However the money was never spent directly in the poor communities, but instead funneled through a political committee appointed by Daley. Instead of helping the poor to organize themselves in opposition to the Mayor's policies of segregation, low wages, bad housing, and so forth, it was spent to reinforce the existing welfare operation. The whole program made a mockery of the poverty act's intentions. For example, community action programs were supposed to help poor people find decent housing. But in Chicago the Mayor's "community action" workers sent the poor along to the offices of the Chicago Housing Authority, whose chairman, Charles Swibel, was also president of Marks & Co., the leading slum landlord. Under the poverty program, jobs were meant to be available to youngsters without regard to criminal records, but in Chicago the police checked job applicants and made sure those with records were excluded.

Despite repeated criticisms of the Chicago program, and keel haulings before Congressional committees, Shriver stuck with Daley. Thus Chicago became the early, unfortunate turning point for the poverty program. Gradually, community action programs were whittled down and abolished. Shriver never fought for them.

IF SHRIVER WOULD NOT DEFEND THE community action concepts, he took unusual steps to lure private business into the poverty program. During the early stages of drafting the act, there was considerable argument within the Johnson Administration for turning the entire program over to industry, regarded as the most expeditious agent of progressive social change. This view was argued vigorously by the "whiz kids" around Robert McNamara, then Secretary of Defense. Towards the end of the Kennedy Administration and throughout the Johnson Administration, the Defense Department gained increasing importance in determining domestic policies. McNamara argued that large corporations could be turned away from defense and their energies most usefully funneled into domestic programs, if only the government would provide them with markets in such fields as air and water pollution control, mass transit, education, and poverty. In poverty this meant turning over the Job Corps to corporations such as Xerox and Litton, and issuing major research and development contracts to corporations.

As the poverty program fiasco kept growing, Shriver tried to cover his tracks by letting out a flood of contracts to corporations, universities, and think tanks for research, development, and evaluation of existing programs. He used these studies to fend off Congressional investigations, and in the process, he deepened the agency's ties to, and dependence on, business. In addition, this contract mechanism created a virtual industry of university professors, former OEO employees, and behavioral scientists of every ilk.

By 1969 there were more than 100 poverty companies in Washington alone. The projects were fanciful: Researchers were dispatched to ask unemployed people why they thought they were unemployed; a company made a computer model of a community action program; counterinsurgency experts were employed to study Indian reservations. An entire industry of white, upper-middle-class professionals who made their livelihood studying the poor was born.

It soon disintegrated into graft. When a federal official quits government, he's not supposed to do business with his former department. But federal employees in the poverty area never paid much attention to that stipulation. For instance, a Labor Department official who let a $3.5 million contract to Phoenix quit his government job and started a research company. Shortly thereafter his research company was employed by Phoenix to evaluate the program he had helped to draw up. Rand officials left Rand to work in OEO, and funneled back contracts to Rand. Companies proliferated on top of companies, and by then the maze was of such complexity that it could never be straightened out.

The new poverty industry—a combination of university professors, business executives, and government officials—began and flourished under Shriver. At one time, more money was spent by OEO in employing white, upper-middle-class people to study poverty than went to the entire Job Corps. Perhaps unintentionally, Shriver became both a major practitioner and symbol of the corporate social state, enlisting corporations in managing government-financed social action programs. It was Shriver who pulled together business and government until the lines between the two sectors became blurred.

Shriver was generally viewed as a wretched administrator. Throughout his tenure the headquarters office was caught up in petty squabbles among the staff. To keep his poverty warriors on the move, Shriver established an Inspector-General's office ("Fink Shop"), a sort of internal CIA. Under the leadership of William Haddad, a former New York newspaperman, the hirelings of this outfit sneaked about the countryside, gathering dirt on local OEO employees—how much they drank, their mating habits, personality defects, and so forth. When it came time to decide on a grant, there was a little ceremony in Shriver's office. Senior bureaucrats presented the plan. Then Haddad would leaf through his dossiers and see whether there was enough to smear any of the prospective administrators. It was at once a ludicrous and disgusting business. Shriver seemed to revel in it all.

Finally his top staff began to desert. Jack Conway, a senior official who had come from the labor movement, left. So did Richard Boone, a leading official in the community action section. The Washington headquarters further disintegrated and achieved a state of continual chaos. Shriver himself fled the ship, going to Paris as ambassador. ■

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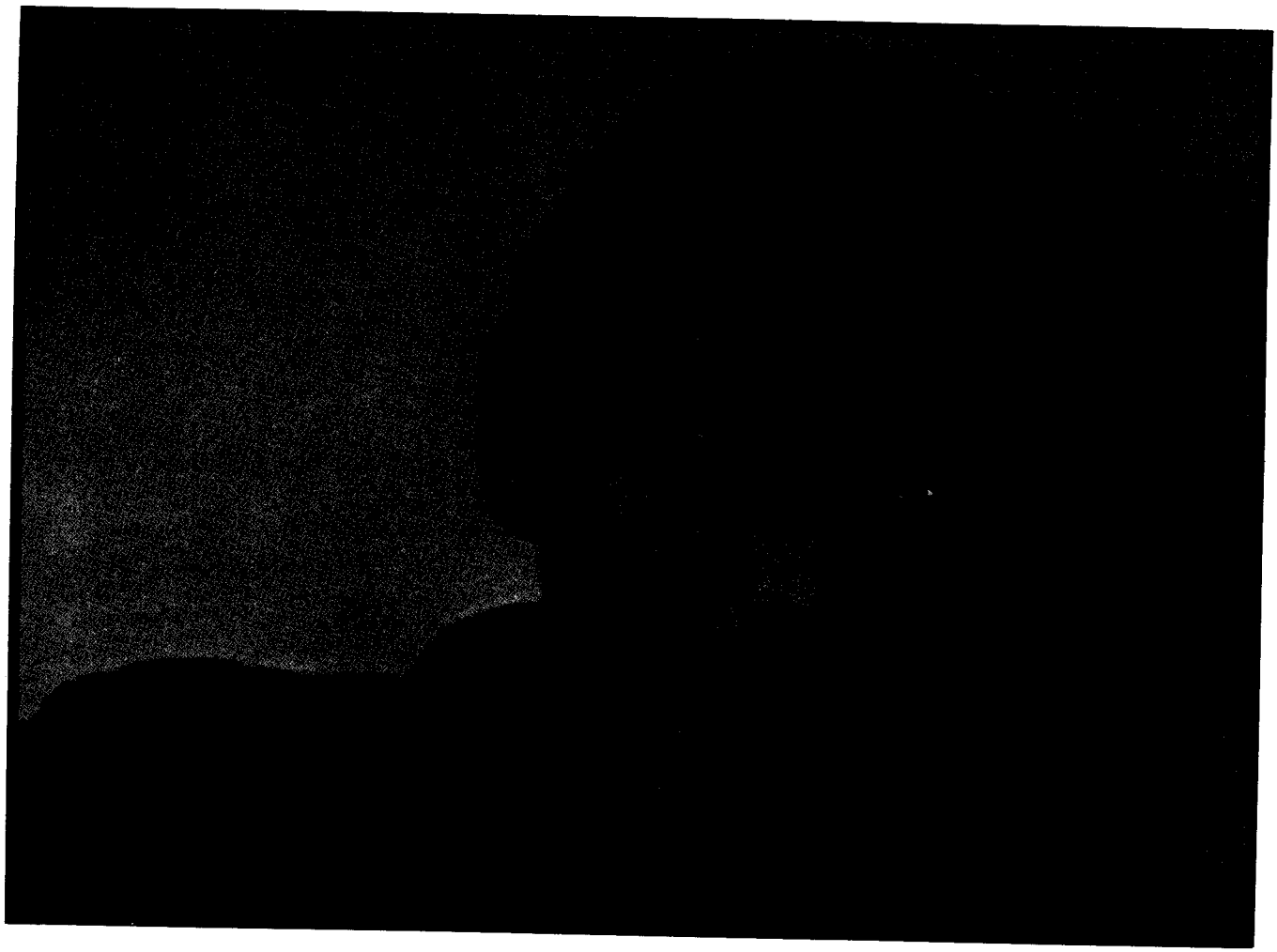

HOW CLIFFORD IRVING STOLE THAT BOOK:

AN INTERVIEW BY ABBIE HOFFMAN

THIS WAS THE FIRST TIME I had met Clifford Irving. I had sent him a copy of *Steal This Book* with a special dedication along with a letter expressing sympathy with his predicament this past winter. He answered and I called him on the phone the night before Edith went to jail. The interview did not take place under ideal conditions. It was sandwiched in between a television talk show taping and catching the train to visit Edith in prison. In two weeks he himself would be taken to begin serving his two-and-a-half-year sentence. Although most people thought otherwise, his financial difficulties would not be overcome by the profits from his book about *the* book. There was also the matter of Edith's having to fight extradition to Switzerland.

Aside from all his personal troubles, the setting was incredibly oppressive. On the fortieth floor of a modern Manhattan high-riser we sat under the watchful gaze of his attorney. The law firm was quite prestigious and it was obvious from the start that his attorney didn't approve of us being in the same room together, let alone me conducting an hour interview. For us both, a sense of unreality accompanied the interchange. There were expectations that couldn't be realized. So we tripped along through the hour, becoming, in our separate ways, a little "unstuck in time."

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Abbie: What do you think of the fact that McGraw-Hill is located over a branch of the Irving Trust Company of New York? Irving: Too much!

Q. How do you react to rumors that J. Paul Getty wrote your book?

A. Ha! With laughter. With gales of laughter.

Q. Can we start with a general synopsis for people who don't know the story? How did you get the idea?

A. Well, the idea got me, I didn't get it. I read an article in *Newsweek* about Hughes' exodus from Las Vegas to the Bahamas, and it covered his exploits and the fact that he was inaccessible to the media and had hardly any contact with his chief business aides. I knew nothing about Howard Hughes before this. He was just a name to me, connected with piles of money.

Q. Had you read The Carpetbaggers?

A. Years ago, but I didn't know it had anything to do with Hughes. I only found that out long after I started writing the fake autobiography.

Q. You didn't?

A. No, I hadn't a clue, really. The idea, as I say, sprang full blown into my head—to write this gorgeous hoax, to take what Truman Capote did with *In Cold Blood* and turn it around. Capote wrote a fictional book based on fact; I would write a factual book based on fiction. The work would be untrue except that it would be *psychologically* true. At the beginning my idea was to tell McGraw-Hill the plan. I was quickly disabused of that fantasy by Dick Suskind, who worked with me on the book. He said, "You're out of your mind. You can't tell a big corporation. They won't go for that kind of hanky-panky." So I said, suppose I don't tell them. An idea, a happening, was born right then and there.

Q. Can you give just briefly an idea of how the book was put together?

A. You mean the sources?

Q. Yeah, the technique for gathering information.

A. We just set out around the United States, to Houston, Las Vegas, Florida, Nassau, New York, California, and dug into every possible newspaper file that we could find and pulled out an amazing amount of stuff. That was our basic form of research. Then we had three extraordinary bonanzas The first was that Time-Life opened their confidential files to me, put me in a locked room and said, "Go through them." I asked if I could Xerox some papers but they said, "No, the Xerox facilities are too public." And I said, "How about a camera?" and they said, "OK." So I brought a camera up—maybe they thought I was only going to photograph a few documents—but I photographed virtually the entire file. Then we had all sorts of not-for-attribution interviews, and unpublished stuff and reporters' notes dating back to the '30s. For example, when Hughes took the round-the-world flight he was met by a *Time* reporter who covered ten pages with notes. I used all that and it really formed the basis for the hard information in the book. The beautiful part of it was that, because everything was such a secret, only three people at *Life* knew of the project—which was called Project Octavio—and when it came time for *Life's* researchers and staffers to check the veracity of the autobiography, they were checking against the same files which they hadn't realized I had seen, so it all checked out. And the second bonanza was the discovery of the unpublished memoirs of Noah Dietrich. Dietrich was Hughes' right-hand man. I got them in California from a man named Stanley Meyer.

Q. A literary agent?

A. No, he's not an agent. He was the producer of Dragnet and kind of a go-between. He wanted me to write the autobiography of Noah Dietrich. I wasn't interested but he insisted I take a look at the manuscript that already existed. Meyer didn't know I had any interest in Hughes whatsoever. It was just a fantastic coincidence.

Q. (laughter) *You gave it a bad review as I recall?*

A. Then we went to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and on the day we arrived, or the day after, the private papers of Lincoln Quarberg were given to the Academy. Quarberg was Hughes' PR man back in the '30s, when Hughes was in the movie business. This file had never been looked at before. It contained all sorts of letters, memos, and inside information about the early Hollywood days and we were the first ones to see it.

Q. Ralph Graves, when he gave you access to the Time-Life files, he told you not to tell?

A. Right.

Q. Managing Editor of Life *magazine, wasn't he? He*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER KENNER

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Irving: I've gotten a lot of crank mail . . . . I got one letter typed beautifully on an IBM Selectric typewriter from a woman who explained she was locked in an ESP time barrel with Howard Hughes.

said no one was to know that you had seen the files. Has he gotten in trouble or has anybody at Time-Life or McGraw-Hill as a result? Have some heads rolled?

A. Nope, no heads whatsoever. The *Life* people of course have kept very quiet about the fact that they opened their files to me and that I photographed papers and that much of the factual material in the book came from that source. As far as McGraw-Hill was concerned, the decisions were made at the top by the president of McGraw-Hill, Inc., and the president of McGraw-Hill Book Company, so the buck could never be passed to some poor guy in the lower echelons. Later, when Robert Stewart, my editor, was accused of borrowing money from a McGraw-Hill author, it turned out to be precisely ten percent of the advance and that was a scandal that hit the front page of the New York *Times*. He was demoted, and I'm pretty sure that if he hadn't been the editor of the Hughes autobiography he could well have been fired, but they didn't want to make it look like they were searching for a fall guy.

Q. Did you take any particular delight in Frank McCulloch [Life *magazine's Hughes expert] giving it the seal of approval when its final authenticity was being questioned? That seemed like the final hurdle.*

A. It certainly was the final hurdle at that point. I don't know if delight's the right word. I was in such a daze during that period that I almost expected the breaks to go for me, and when McCulloch became convinced that it was real, I was delighted that we had accomplished the kind of book that could pass muster with a man like McCulloch. I was delighted for the book's sake; I wasn't delighted that I had conned McCulloch. I mean I didn't care one way or the other. My purpose was not to make fools out of any individuals or even corporations, just to write that book and make a great book out of it and see that it got published.

Q. Grove let me read the galleys yesterday under carefully guarded conditions. Did you and Richard Suskind ever imagine yourselves as taking on the whole publishing industry? What were your feelings toward the publishing industry? Did that come up at any point?

A. It came up but we were not out to take on the publishing industry. Not that it wasn't a rebellion. I have no great respect for the publishing industry. The way this book was handled illustrates the whole philosophy of the publishing industry. Go for the big blockbuster, the book that's going to sell hundreds of thousands of copies and make millions of dollars, and never mind about writers. There are very few publishing houses in New York who really publish writers. They're publishing potential best sellers. I remember when I brought my last novel in to McGraw-Hill half-finished. I had a contract with them which said I was to receive a certain payment when it was half done. I was really pleased with the book. It was a novel about expatriate life in Ibiza. I gave it to them and they read it and came back a couple of days later and said to me, "Well, six thousand copies." That was their appraisal of the book. I wanted to hear, was it a good book, a bad book, are you intrigued by the characters, are you in it, do you like it? Where does it touch you and where do you get turned off? I wanted a literary critique and I got sales figures. So naturally, during the writing of the fake autobiography, Dick and I had occasion to discuss the publishing industry in general because we saw how gullible they were and also how greedy. I can't blame them for being greedy when they had this book in their hands. We took no great joy in misusing their trust.

Q. Midway through the project, when you were getting cold feet, you got the idea that to convince them of the authenticity you would double the ante, and you asked for the million dollars instead of the five hundred thousand, and they became convinced that was Hughes' demand. The real Hughes.

A. Yeah, but we only did that under the pressure of this competing autobiography, the one Albert Eaton was peddling. Most of our thinking at the time was that this was a way out. I couldn't believe, with a competing autobiography out on the market trying to be sold to another publisher, that McGraw-Hill would not at some immediate point decide that Irving's book had to be fake as well. I was going to offer to pay them back the hundred thousand, and I offered them a check which they said they'd tear up if I let it out of my hands. They didn't want the money back. You've read the book and you know that the last thing I ever expected was that they would meet the demands or come any-

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where near them. I thought they'd say, "OK, a contract is a contract. We can't deal with this madman anymore. We'll take the hundred thousand dollars. Now let's publish the book as an unauthorized biography or a novel." And if they didn't I would have taken it to another publisher as a novel.

Q. Did you ever get the idea, once the authenticity was questioned, of publishing it as a work of fiction? Would that have been really possible?

A. You mean since recent events?

Q. Yeah.

A. Oh, yeah, I still would like to have the book published. I think it's the best novel I've ever written and it could easily be turned into a novel. It could also be published as is, provided libelous passages were taken out of it and provided that it stated very clearly that it's a bogus autobiography of Howard Hughes. There is a court ruling on it. As we understand it the court has given us permission to publish part or all of the book, provided that it's made perfectly clear that it doesn't purport to be genuine.

Q. I thought a funny incident occurred at Germaine Greer's press party when you were introduced to Chief Red Fox. Could you talk about that a little?

A. I went to this cocktail party. I was dragged along by Beverly Loo and Robert Stewart. I hate those damn cocktail parties but I had nothing to do and I wanted to meet Germaine Greer 'cause I heard she was six feet tall. But she was far more interested in talking to women's liberation people and I stood around like a dope for awhile until I saw this beautiful old man in a corner. I asked about him and was told that's Chief Red Fox, a 101-year-old Sioux Indian chief, and I said, "Beautiful, I've got to meet him." And I sat at his feet for an hour or two, talked to him, and he was a marvelous old man. But the way he came on to me with the broad American accent and told me how he danced at supermarket openings and was on the Johnny Carson Show where he did a war dance to liven things up, also the way he talked about Indian history, made me a little leery and I thought, well, he's great but he's not a 101-year-old Sioux Indian chief. Despite the fact that he was decked out like a technicolor western with a war bonnet and greasepaint make-up. And I went up to Beverly Loo and said, "He's a great man, Beverly, but he's no more a 101-year-old Sioux Indian than you're the Empress Loo of the Ming Dynasty. She got very uptight about that and said, "What do you mean? How dare you!" and I decided not to upset her any further so I backed off. Then of course it turned out later that there were great doubts thrown on the veracity of his books and his identity as well. I don't know if I really smelled it out but something was funny there. I think maybe I was thinking in terms of a hoax since I was involved with one, and Chief Red Fox seemed to fit right into the category.

Q. When incidents like that happened did you start to feel you were watching a movie being made about your life or that you were acting out some kind of movie role?

A. Well, going through that year I often felt that it was a happening because we sometimes had control over events but so many things happened that were absurd. And after awhile—not that I saw myself as a movie star—I saw this whole thing developing as a script, a movie script which no one would ever buy because it was ridiculous, it couldn't possibly happen. The real and the unreal in a sense became totally confused—not that I really thought I was writing the autobiography of Howard Hughes, although of course in the act of creation you have to believe to a certain extent, but when you stop work you don't believe any more. I mean you know what you're doing but all the events had such a quality of ludicrousness and fantasy and coincidence that reality did at times blend with unreality. I think for the publishers as well.

Q. You said at one point in the book you felt you knew more about Hughes than Hughes himself after awhile. Did you start to get a feeling that you had something like ESP, some mystical ability which enabled you to come up with incidents in his life which he didn't even remember? You mentioned a number of things in your critique of his telephone press conference.

A. It wasn't ESP or a mystical ability; again, it's that as a novelist, when you create a character as we were creating Howard Hughes, you eventually feel that you know more about him than he does. There is a moment when the character takes over and that happened in the creation of the Hughes autobiography. Hughes took over and there is a kind of identification and a certain humility on the part of the writer, because you feel you're plugged into a source and all the energy is flowing from your character and really telling you what to write. I also believe that autobiography in general is a false art, in the sense that who can sit down and tell the truth about themselves? It's not only that you are being defensive and that you're posturing and omitting and exaggerating, but who knows the truth about himself? So we were not hampered by any of the hang-ups that the real Howard Hughes might have had if he sat down to write his own autobiography. So it's entirely possible that a lot of the psychological plumbing that we did in the book could really be closer to the truth or an area of the truth about Howard Hughes than any autobiography he might write himself.

Q. Cliff, recently I spoke at a conference of reporters on the subject of how the press covers me. I had four thousand clippings for the whole year and I distilled a typical newspaper article out of this collage, which began "Six-foot, two-inch blonde-haired Miss Abbie Hoffman, 42, staggers out of his fashionable Eastside penthouse." It went on and on. I based the article only on other articles that were entirely made up. You know, meetings that never took place in cities where I've never been. You must know what I mean now that you have been in the news. Now since so many lies have been written about Hughes and since he keeps so isolated, isn't he incredibly more invented than you or I?

A. Yes, he has to be invented in the same way that the media invented us. I've read stories about me and I thought, what have these people been smoking, where did they get all this? It's gossip masquerading as fact. I think that what few people can really get into their heads is that when they are reading a newspaper story—I don't care if it's the New York *Times* or some backwater paper—what they're reading is one man's opinion. One man's distillation of what he

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Abbie: Do you have a credit card? Irving: It's been cancelled. I loved my credit card—it's a great invention.

thinks are the facts and those facts have always come from personal sources. I've reached a point where the only things I believe now are the ball scores, and if some historian fifty or a hundred years from now sat down to write what happened in the Hughes caper and used the newspapers and the television media for his source material, it would be absurd. There would be no truth to it at all, just fragments of truth which would be obscured by all the gossip. It's giving me the feeling that it's virtually not worth reading the newspapers anymore. Unless you want to know what people are thinking. By reading the newspapers you simply find out what the current myths are. Forget about truth. Dick Suskind, who worked with me on the book and who has written a number of history books for children, says he could never write another history book again. How could he believe his sources?

Q. Maybe it's peculiar to the United States or because of television, but people feel they know public people on a very personal level. You've probably gotten all kinds of strange letters. What's your mail like?

A. I've gotten a lot of crank mail advising me to turn to Jesus for help, a lot of abusive letters, and many letters of praise, and what a shame you didn't get away with it, and letters of advice, and many of them are on just that personal level you're talking about. I got one letter typed beautifully on an IBM Selectric typewriter from a woman who explained she was locked in an ESP time barrel with Howard Hughes. I didn't read many of those letters as I had troubles of my own.

Q. You didn't really move to isolate yourself I remember. Everyone knew you were staying at the Chelsea Hotel and could see you walking on the streets.

A. It was strictly a practical decision to stay in New York City. I had to be near my lawyer's office for conferences day in and day out, and if I had hidden myself out in the suburbs I would have had to commute to his office. And the Chelsea, of course, is a great place to stay. We had friends there and Edith needed people to talk to. She was going through a very rough time. We'd get babysitters easily and there were other kids in the hotel. To get back to the mail, what really blew my mind was I got close to a hundred tear sheets of that *Time* magazine cover labelling me "con man of the year." The people asked me to autograph the cover and return it. Talk about *chutzpah*! After I got the first three, as soon as I opened the envelope and saw the edge of that *Time* cover, I pitched it into the wastebasket. The whole folk hero bit is something I don't understand. You've been through it. I don't know what reality it has for you but it has none for me whatsoever.

Q. Well, when your story broke we were living at the farthest point my bail restrictions would allow. I started living under another name, grew a beard and a nice garden, and stopped reading newspapers for five months. Actually it was hearing about you that got me re-interested in civilization, in "what's happening." Bert Schneider, you know him, he has this view that there should be a Clifford Irving Fund for you where everyone in the public should send in one dollar, because the media in a sense has ripped you off and everyone had all this entertainment.

A. I've spoken to a lot of people who said to me it was a pleasure to read the story; they were sick of reading about rapists and muggings and murders and My Lais and new eruptions in the Middle East, and here was this caper where no one was hurt and it had glamorous figures involved and it was great fun. Of course it wasn't fun for us. We were right in the thick of it fighting for our lives. When I saw a gang of newspapermen, my only thought was how the hell do I get past them without accidentally smashing some guy's camera or tripping over the table or saying something I shouldn't. And that was the only reality. My kids loved it. For them it was great to see all the cameras and the people. They are very outgoing kids and suddenly they were being asked questions by all sorts of strangers. When you have a label and are a public figure—which I suddenly found myself—in a sense you're removed from the area of truth and you have to start thinking, well, whatever I say they may take seriously, they may distort, but whatever happens I can't be myself because they've already got a preconception. They will fit the real me into the cubbyhole they've worked out. And when you're in the kind of position that I was in, where every statement you make can bring punishment or

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FOR SOME REASON, EVERYONE was shocked. There they were, these little Chinese kids running around shooting each other down in front of tourists and curio shops, pumping lead into the brothers on the block, making it with rapidfire executions in public telephone booths. Ten dead bodies. Just like that.

Freak-out at City Hall. San Franciscans don't dig that culture number. Mayor Alioto and his financial district/hotel district/shopping district cronies are worried about the great tourist dollar—a San Francisco landmark. With a sweep of his hand, the mayor declares that Chinatown streets are safe for white tourists. After all, these little ghetto kids are just killing each other.

Alioto turns to his police chief. The police chief, pondering his inscrutable tea leaves, considers re-organizing the department's superwhite Chinatown police squad. The chief says he knows all about the killings but can't prove anything. Actually, his detectives don't know which plastic pagoda to look under next, but they offer their Fu Manchu bonbons to an image-hungry press: it's either gang warfare, extortion, drugs, prostitution, gambling or vice and vice versa. That ought to about cover it, fellas. Maybe we're back to tong warfare.

Min S. Yee has lived most of his life in the Chinatowns of America. A former Newsweek *correspondent, he is the author of a forthcoming book on Soledad prison, the Soledad Brothers, and the death of George Jackson. It is slated to be published by Harper and Row next spring.*

Down in the ghetto, the Chinatown merchants are worried too. Besides scaring the tourists from their shops and restaurants, these little rascals are putting away free meals and pocketing cash register change. By any other lingo, that's extortion. They, too, want the Chinatown streets safe. Safe so they can continue crawling on the backs of their brothers and sisters sweating in the kitchens for 95 cents an hour, going blind over a sewing machine for less. Unlike ghetto blacks, we Chinese are at the mercy of both the white power structure and the merchant power clique within our own ghetto—the Uncle Tongs, as the Chinese Establishment is nicknamed.

It has taken a little more than a century for us to get even the beginnings of decent work in this country. And in that period we managed to survive beatings and lynchings, legal and electoral expropriations, ostracism and racism, and the blood-sucking leeches of the Uncle Tongs and the Chiang Kai-shek gangs. Barely.

But why all the fuss? Aren't we inscrutable, the docile-educated, hard-working, self-effacing, frugal ingredient of the Great American Dream, the delicate but exotic yellow sauce in the vast melting pot? And haven't we staggered forth from the railroad camps, the steaming kitchens, the laundry cubicles—where America put us to do our Horatio Alger thing—into the halls of engineering and the academes of science? After all, didn't we come here willingly, to do the sort of work no other white person cared to do?

It was not quite that auspicious a beginning. According to my grandfather, we Chinese were kidnapped and falsely

by Min S. Yee

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recruited to this land beginning in the 27th year of Tao-kuang. It was a year before Marshall found gold at Sutter's Mill, and a year before Mexico lost a war and California. James Polk was President. Jammed shoulder to shoulder in the holds of great sailing ships, our ancestors were brought to California because so few European and otherwise American laborers wanted to journey to the West. Many of us died on the long journey, but we came in good faith. In an Asian land of hardship and strife, the beguiling stories of San Francisco, the Golden Mountain, the rich fishing harvests, and the plentiful crops were irresistible. Little did we know that none of it was for us. We were beaten and lynched for our gold claims. We were not allowed to own land. And once we had a fishing and shrimp industry, we were forced aside by other white groups. So we went to work as "coolies," and America picked up on the quaint noun meaning "unskilled native labor." To us, *kuli* means bitter work and suffering.

We were not allowed to bring our women, but along with our few belongings we brought our social structure. Compared to the number of families, or family names, in the West, we have very few. Traditionally, we go by what we call the "One Hundred Surnames." There are more, of course, but basically that's it. Built around the father or grandfather as patriarch, this social fabric evolved into the *zu*, or clan, consisting of groups of families with a common ancestor who bore the same surname. Since more than 90 percent of us came from rural districts near the city of Canton, we also formed into district or "company" associations and six of these—the *Ning Yeung, Sam Yup, Hop Wo, Kong Chow, Yeong Wo,* and *Yan Wo*—combined to form the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, better known today as the Chinese Six Companies.

Since we were not allowed to own property, could not testify in court, were robbed of our own gold findings by riotous California lynch mobs, and barred from one agricultural industry after another, we began drifting back into the cities, where we found that we were restricted to restaurant work, gardening, domestic service and laundry work. Courts declared that we were ineligible for citizenship, and upheld the denial of our right to testify, even in our own defense (blacks could testify). As best it could, the Six Companies tried to fill such a powerless vacuum. By general agreement it was empowered to speak and act for all the California Chinese in problems and affairs which affected the majority of them. It was, in effect, the Supreme Court of the Chinese in America.

It had other functions. It kept a census, started a Chinese language school, organized community medical and hospital clinical services, and most important, it fought and lobbied against all the racist anti-Chinese legislation enacted by the various city, state and federal governments. It was not always effective but it was the only voice we had. It still fancies itself as the "spokesman" for Chinese in America, but its role has been pretty much restricted to Chinatown, where it continues to act as a governing force over the once-dreaded tongs and as an arbiter over the still-potent family and district associations.

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVIE LIPNEY

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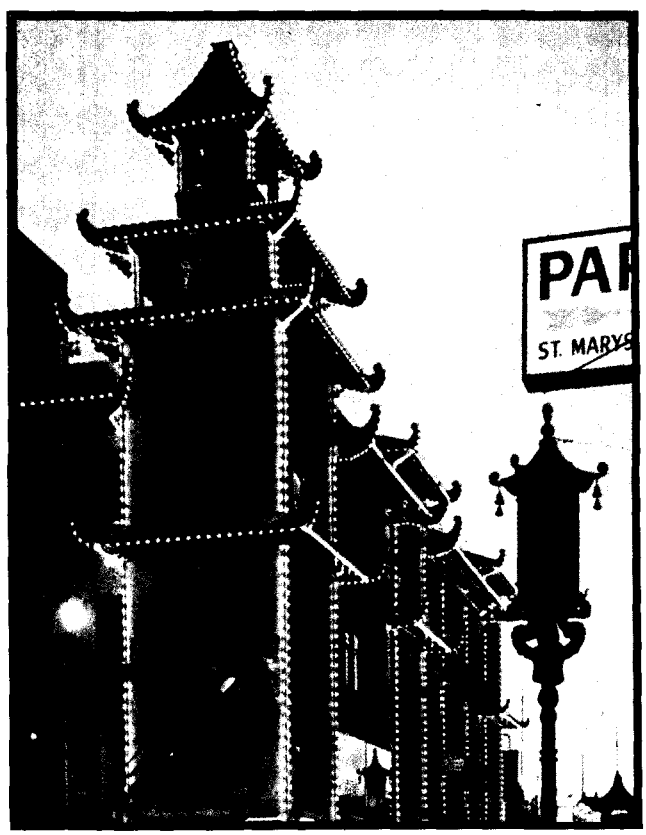
ITS RECORD OF LEADERSHIP IN THE community has been greatly tarnished by its inability to cope with federal and state aid, community development, unemployment, housing, and the subtler forms of contemporary racism. Under its aegis, San Francisco's Chinatown, the largest Chinese settlement outside Asia, can boast a density rate of 900 persons per acre—ten times the city's average density. The unemployment rate continues hovering around 14 percent, double the city's. The suicide rate is three times the national average. Seventy percent of the housing is substandard, as opposed to 19 percent for the city as a whole. The tuberculosis rate is the nation's highest. Nearly 90 percent of our elderly are living in what welfare workers call "extreme poverty," subsisting on $25 to $60 a month. In various rooms, they sleep stacked in bunk-styled tiers that reach to the ceiling.

Meanwhile, the plight of the Chinese can only get worse. The Chinese population in San Francisco has more than doubled in the last ten years. It has nearly doubled nationally. And most of the new immigrants from Hong Kong disembark in a setting where they are hampered by job discrimination, language barriers and educational handicaps (aggravated by culturally biased and irrelevant tests). More than one-third of Chinatown's Chinese in any major American city do not speak English.



Chinatown by night

Take, for example, the largest single American employer: the civil service. It runs down like this. No Chinese were permitted to hold civil service jobs before World War II. When that ban was lifted, there were (and are) other hindrances. The employee must be a citizen. Naturally, citizenship tests are administered only in English. Until 1969, according to the California Labor Code, no non-citizens could hold any state, county or city office jobs.

The situation in New York is no better. With more than 8,000 Chinese arriving annually in New York's Chinatown, one Chinese social worker described the congested conditions as resembling that grand old game of trying to see how many people can squeeze into a telephone booth. That's a game. This is for survival.

The story is the same in Boston and throughout New England. More than 80 percent of the heads of households of Chinese families are employed in service jobs, mostly in low-paying restaurants and laundries. Chinese infant mortality in Boston is two-and-a-half times the city rate. TB is double the city average. The general death rate is 129 percent higher.

Boston's Chinatown began in 1875 with a group of some 100 Chinese railroad workers brought from California to break a shoe factory strike. When the strike was over, they were fired from their jobs. "Anyway," says Robert Moy, a Boston Chinatown VISTA volunteer, "we've known what it's like to be poor for a very long time. But we didn't complain, so why would people help us?

Most Chinese in America were too proud and too afraid to ask for help. If we weren't being beaten, lynched and robbed, we were being written out of nearly all citizenship rights by racist Congresses and state legislatures. By the time we got some of that worked out of the American system after the Second World War, along came Joe McCarthy and the new Yellow Peril. After McCarthy died, J. Edgar Hoover picked up on the downbeat. America's Chinese were 400,000 potential spies, saboteurs and Commie dupes.

The cry of Chinatown's hungry, poor, jobless, sick, elderly and dying became lost in the fearful political specter of the menacing Red Giant behind the Great Wall. And in Chinatowns, the Chiang Kai-shek-dominated civic organizations were only too willing to play that game. For the aging "Generalissimo" and his Kuomintang (KMT—the Nationalist Party) regime in Taiwan, control of San Francisco's Chinatown and its ghetto citizenry was an important and potent political matter. If the Chinese brothers and sisters in America's largest Chinatown didn't believe in Chiang, what would that portend for America's own beliefs and commitments? Obviously the non-believers were Communists. The international political question worked well in tandem with McCarthyism, Hooverism, immigration officials, Birchers (John Birch supposedly killed by a Chinese Communist bullet), god-fearing Christians, City Hall, and Chinatown civic organizations. The whole idea was to keep Chinatown loyal to Chiang, anti-Communist, and quiet. But Nixon's visit to China, and the gang syndrome, changed all that.

The gang members—who are unemployed and no speak English so good—learned their trade from Chiang's own puppet tongs in the ghetto. If you've got no money, ask for it. Nicely at first, but if that doesn't work, use a little leverage. With vastly more leverage—like deportation threats, Commie labels, community ostracism, appointee rewards, and free trips to Taiwan—Chiang and his Uncle Tong troopers have been working the parasitic routine for years. We've

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been told the KMT needs tens of thousands of dollars each year on Taiwan for "troop cheering." U.S. Pentagon funds don't provide for troop cheering. They just buy "defensive" guns and tanks and jets. Sending money "home" is an honored Chinese tradition. For Chiang and his crowd, all the leverage that's needed is a competent harnessing of those traditional energies. So what if huge amounts are lost before they reach Chiang's coffers. Only a couple of Uncle Tong "collectors" know where the books are anyway.

CHIEF UNCLE TONG, WONG YIN DOON, knows where those books are. He's the collector—the best in the Chinatowns of America. A balding man in his mid-seventies, he was particularly happy on a July Sunday as he strode into the foyer of the Golden Dragon Restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown. The restaurant building, owned by the once-dreaded Hop Sing Tong, was decorated with red, white and blue bunting. A pair of crossed Nationalist Chinese flags, centered a bit pompously by the fierce eagle symbol of the American Presidency, hung over the doorway. The symbolic message wasn't lost on those who came to celebrate.

As he stepped into the foyer, Wong was greeted by various well-wishers who stood smiling by potted plastic orange plants and plastic pink roses, each man thrusting the traditional Chinese *hung bao* red money envelopes into Wong's hands or simply slipping them into the fat gentleman's coat pockets. Upstairs, in the massive banquet room, Wong was greeted by the thunderous applause of 1,200 well-wishers who had filled the 100 tables to honor the rich mushroom importer on his 75th birthday. By now there was a box to put the little red envelopes in. By the time he counted the bills that July Sunday, he'd find untold thousands in birthday money.

Chinatown all day

It was a good haul. But then, Wong Yin Doon has become accustomed to good hauls. By special dispensation from Chiang Kai-shek, Wong has a virtual monopoly on Taiwan mushrooms exported to the U.S. He skims about a dollar off each case. He is, at 75, the man who operates the Bing Kong Tong—with its 2,000 members the largest and most powerful tong on the West Coast. Through protegés and intermediaries, he also controls the Hop Sing Tong, the second most important tong. He is acknowledged leader of the Wong Family Association which, along with the Lees, is one of the two largest Chinese "families" in America. As a member of the central executive committee of the U.S. branch of the KMT, and a director of the KMT-sponsored "Anti-Communist League," Wong also controls most of the Nationalist activities in American Chinatowns. He travels frequently to Taiwan to confer with the Generalissimo on such matters. Since he is also the leader of the huge Wong "family's" Association, Wong used that position, and his attendant provincial district leadership role, to run the Ning Yueng District Association, and to control the Six Companies.

Wong, in short, is the most powerful Chinese in America.

He holds forth at The Light Company, his import firm located in the back reaches of Chinatown's "Street of Slaves," now called Waverly Place. His small, uncluttered front office, with its two brief rows of chairs, more resembles a committee meeting room than the Taiwan mushroom outlet to America. Two half-blocks away is the U.S. headquarters for the Six Companies, the KMT and that staunch FBI and U.S. Immigration Service ally, the Anti-Communist League. Nearby, too, are the headquarters of the tongs Wong controls.

In cahoots with the Six Companies, the KMT and the Anti-Communist League served a dual purpose. They wanted to reassure the white American citizenry that Chinatown was not full of Communists and they wanted to maintain in the American mind that Chiang Kai-shek's vaunted dream of "returning to the mainland" was no dream.

And for decades they succeeded in convincing the American media and its public that Chinatown, U.S.A., was one hundred percent in support of Chiang Kai-shek. That "success" still lingers.

By the 1960s, San Francisco's Chinatown had stopped its seemingly endless round of parades and fund-raisers, and settled down to one more period of hibernation. When the radical Chinatown Red Guards formed in 1968, that group of social revolutionaries had hoped to awaken ghetto Chinese to a long-smoldering list of social grievances. Taking their cues from the Black Panther Party, which had just formed across the Bay in Oakland, the Red Guards published their own newspaper and copied the radical black demands as their own—almost verbatim. The only difference in the avowed objectives was the Red Guard's addition of an ecology stand.

Led by the Six Companies and the KMT, conservative

PHOTOGRAPH BY VICTOR WONG

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Chinatown elders hired goons from the tongs to disrupt Red Guard demonstrations and meetings. When a Red Guard detachment raised the Communist Chinese five-star flag in Chinatown's Portsmouth Square on October 1, 1969, the pro-China rally turned into a free-for-all between progressives and tong goons.

The Red Guards are no longer an organization in Chinatown, but it wasn't the Six Companies or the KMT that ended their utopian programs. They quickly discovered that their revolutionary speeches and programs—given in Portsmouth Square where community elders loll in the afternoon sun and kibbitz around Chinese chess tables—gained them little community support. Even a breakfast program—again taken from the Black Panther model—fell short in funds and support. Then, too, the Red Guards, as American-born Chinese, learned that their inability to read or speak Chinese was a major hindrance to effective community organizing.

They had, however, completed a very urgent task. They awakened the collective conscience of the community, awakened them to demand more from this society than a laundry ticket. Since then, a number of community service groups have formed. Chinese for Affirmative Action concentrates on job discrimination, trying to open up employment for Chinese in once-closed unions and increase Chinese representation at supervisory and management levels. The Chinese Media Committee strives to teach English to Chinese via television and radio, and acts as a watchdog group on community media, lodging complaints against racism. Occasionally, the Media folk ask a newspaper or television station why there aren't more Chinese on the staff. Chinese-Americans for Citizens Participation is solely involved in voter registration. As a result of their efforts, Chinese voter rolls have tripled. An Asian Community Health Clinic is open and free.

Wei Min She (Serve the People Organization), located at the Asian Community Center, conducts a variety of programs in Chinatown—from publishing a community newspaper to providing a drop-in center for the young and the elderly. *Wei Min* also operates a co-op sewing factory and a co-op book store, and shows Chinese films twice a month. At the same time, volunteers teach classes in Chinese-American history, mathematics, science, Tai Chi Chuan, and adult English.

I Wor Kuen (Righteous Harmonious Fist; Boxers to you uncivilized honkies) is the focus and locus of programs complementary to those of the Asian Community center. Located next door, the *I Wor Kuen* also publishes a paper, *Getting Together*, operates a New China School, and has organized Asian Legal Services, the Chinatown Health Team, and the Chinatown Committee for Low-cost Housing.

IN THE PAST DECADE, THREE MAJOR EVENTS have shaken the community, all to the good—forced busing, Nixon's trip to China, and the visit of the Chinese table-tennis team. Each has had major political portent for America's Chinese.

A little more than a year ago, when the San Francisco school board began holding meetings in various neighborhoods to explain its busing program, school board administrators were stunned when a crowd of angry white parents tried to disrupt the meeting, led by a phalanx of matronly Chinese mothers wielding protest signs and shouting some unmotherly Cantonese curses. They succeeded until a squadron of patrolmen cleared the stage, forcefully removing the elderly and middle-aged women.

The Chinese mothers, perhaps unknowingly, had been set up. The seeds of their protest movement had been sown as far back as 1967, when the white Mothers for Neighborhood Schools, an organization sprinkled with John Birch Society members, went to Chinatown to spread the gospel of "quality education." Busing of any kind meant poorer quality education for the children to be bused. The white mothers swarmed over the Asian enclave, talking with PTA leaders, dropping off anti-busing leaflets at community centers, and most important, buttonholing the conservative political leaders of various Chinese organizations like the Six Companies and the KMT. With the help of these leaders, the Chinese newspapers—nearly all of them KMT-controlled anyway—became a very pliable and responsive target.

Soon, newspapers like the *Young China Daily* and *Chinese Times* fell into line, producing a steady flow of anti-busing propaganda that stirred up parental fears of the "danger" of allowing their children to be sent out of the community. The papers played heavily on the harsher conditions in black sections of the city and the black ghetto schools, hinting darkly of classroom brawls, petty thievery, and foul language.

Chinese parents were willing listeners. Under even the best of conditions, leaving Chinatown was somewhat akin to leaving home or leaving the womb. But to leave it under such circumstances—for a child under 12, unaccompanied by its parents, to go across town to Hunters Point, where such godawful things happened—well that was out of the question. The Chinese mothers swallowed the anti-busing line, and kept their children out of school by forming their own "freedom schools." They turned to the Six Companies for financial help.

Troubles began early for the freedom schools. Most of the problems involved politics and money. Since the school system had left the fund-raising (for books, desks, teaching salaries and administrative costs) to the Six Companies, that organization wanted to control the school system.

The conservatives used the new school system to push their own politics. When the critical question of the Chinese seat in the United Nations came up for a vote, the Six Companies placed this article on the front page of the September 21 issue of the *Chinese Times:*

The Chinese Six Companies, the Chinese Chamber of Commerce and the Chinese-American Citizens Alliance have fortunately helped us greatly and they invite us to join the demonstration tonight against the admission of Communist China into the United Nations and to enhance the anti-busing goals of the Chinese Parents Association. Therefore, all anti-busing parents please congregate in front of the Chinese Six Companies building at six p.m. to make the public understand the solidarity of all Chinese parents in their fight against busing.

(Continued on page 56)

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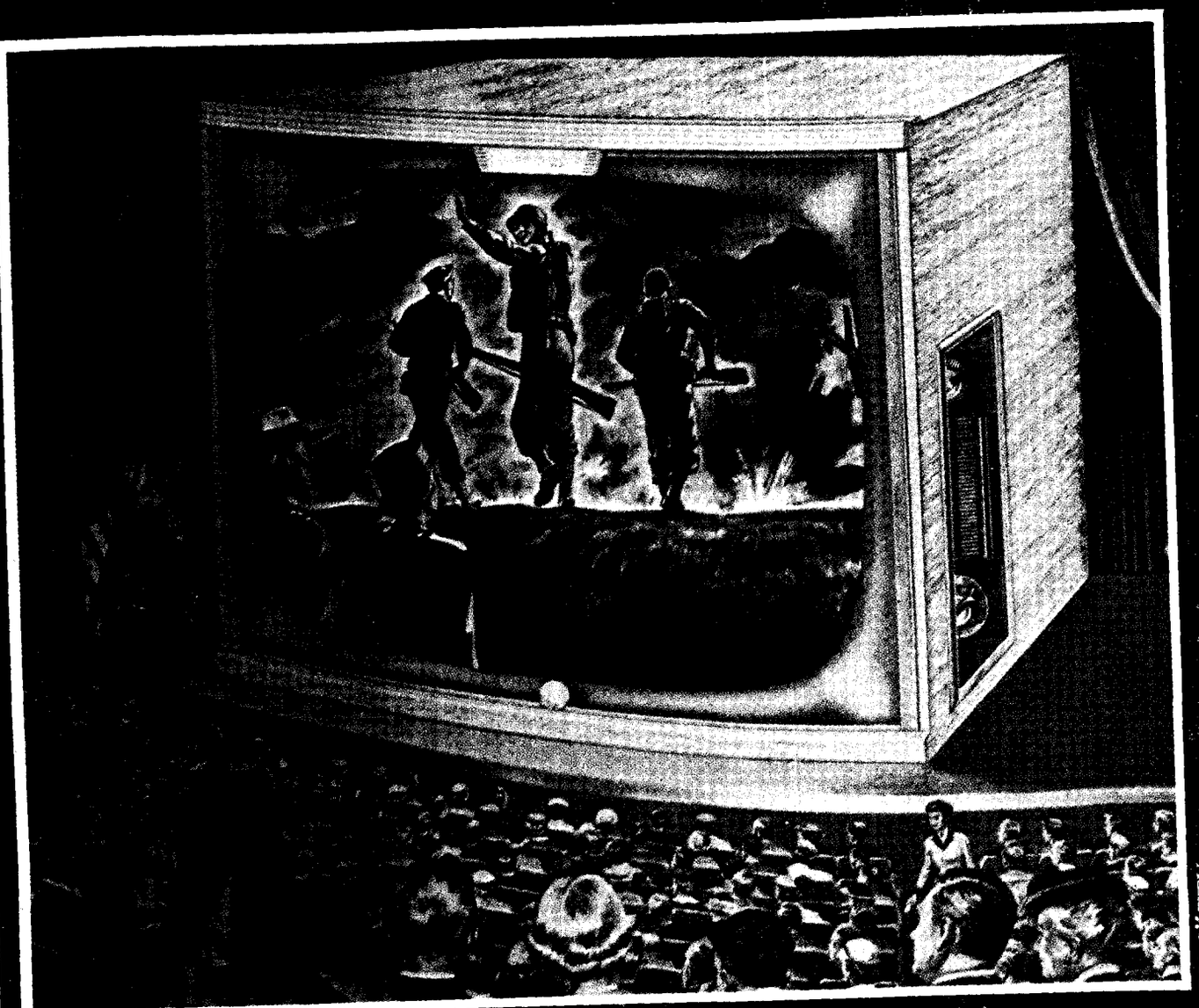

BY SÁTTY

HOW TO VOTE FOR THE VIETNAMESE

by Tom Hayden

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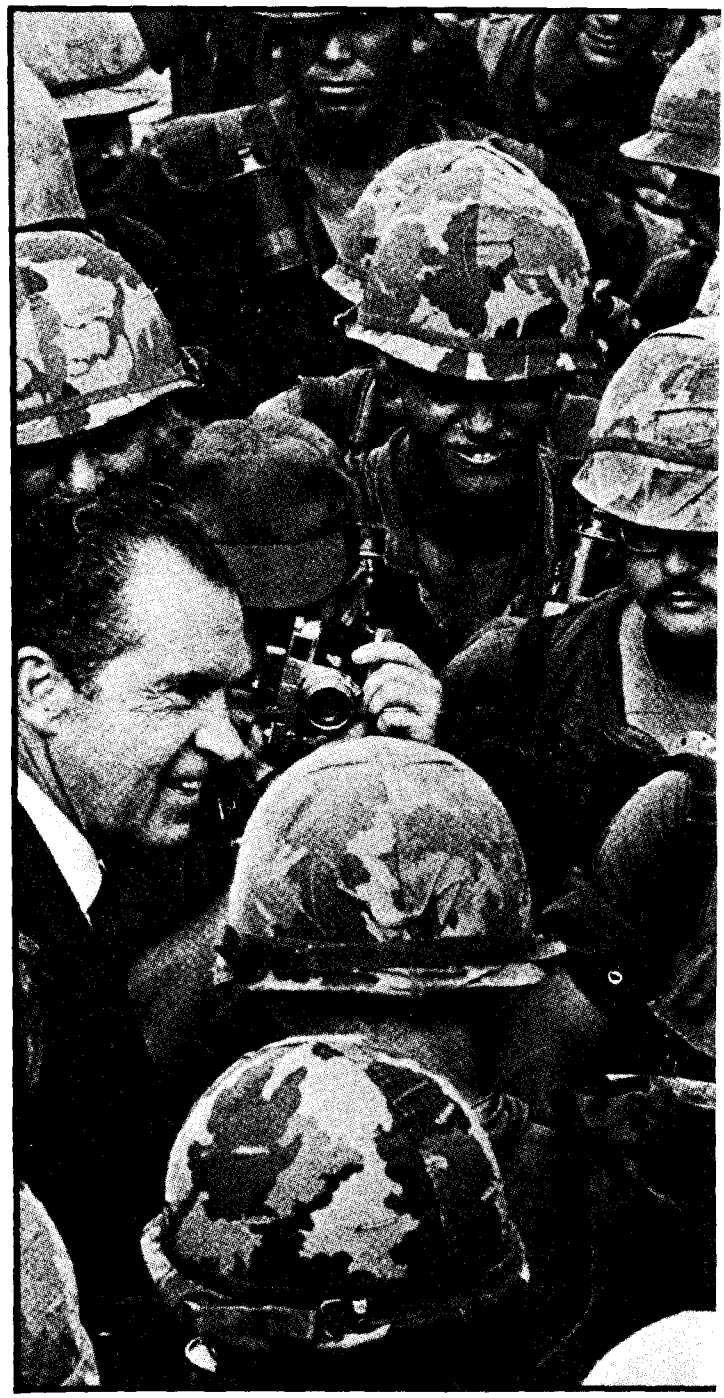

IN ELECTION YEAR 1972, FORCES are converging in Indochina and America which bear a strong resemblance to those that, in 1954, brought the French phase of the war to an end. It is premature to know if history will repeat itself, but one point is clear: the Indochina crisis each day becomes more intense, and will continue to do so despite all Pentagon propaganda, media distortion and campaign rhetoric.

In early 1954, as the French Expeditionary Force faced disaster on the battlefield, and as popular discontent in France manifested itself in the rise of "peace candidate" Pierre Mendes-France, the French government of Prime Minister Laniel sought to extricate itself by diplomatic maneuvering aimed at isolating the Vietminh from their major allies—China and the Soviet Union. This attempt failed, and the French Parliament replaced Laniel with Mendes-France.

Now George McGovern is making a bid for power under similar circumstances. Yet optimism seems naive at this point, and properly so to many anti-war organizers who through years of frustration have accepted the war as a permanent agony rather than a conflict which must, like all wars, come to an end.

Even so, this is a unique period—if not for ending the war, at least for reaching a new plateau of anti-war opposition. On the other hand, if the opportunity is missed, the anti-war movement could well find itself in the most difficult bind it has ever faced.

The main arena, as always, is the battlefield, where *the offensive against Vietnamization is continuing to threaten Thieu with early and total collapse*. Typically, officials in Washington, in a fit of suicidal overconfidence, have concluded that "Saigon's forces with U.S. air support not only stemmed the largest communist offensive in the history of the war but . . . regained the initiative." (*Christian Science Monitor*, 7/18/72) In fact, however, the Vietnamese military campaign has proven to be the longest and most effective ever. One fact alone disproves the claims about "stemming" the offensive.

On June 19, Thieu was raving about the "liberation" of An Loc, one of the three fixed—though not necessarily permanent—battlefronts into which his conventional troops were drawn by the offensive. But at this writing (August 6), his troops there have been under seige for *120 days*. "As for the state of the defenders," almost every man was a casualty" in the ARVN 5th Division (New York *Times*, 6/29/72). The ARVN 21st Division, pulled from the Mekong Delta to be a relief column on Highway 13, took 3000

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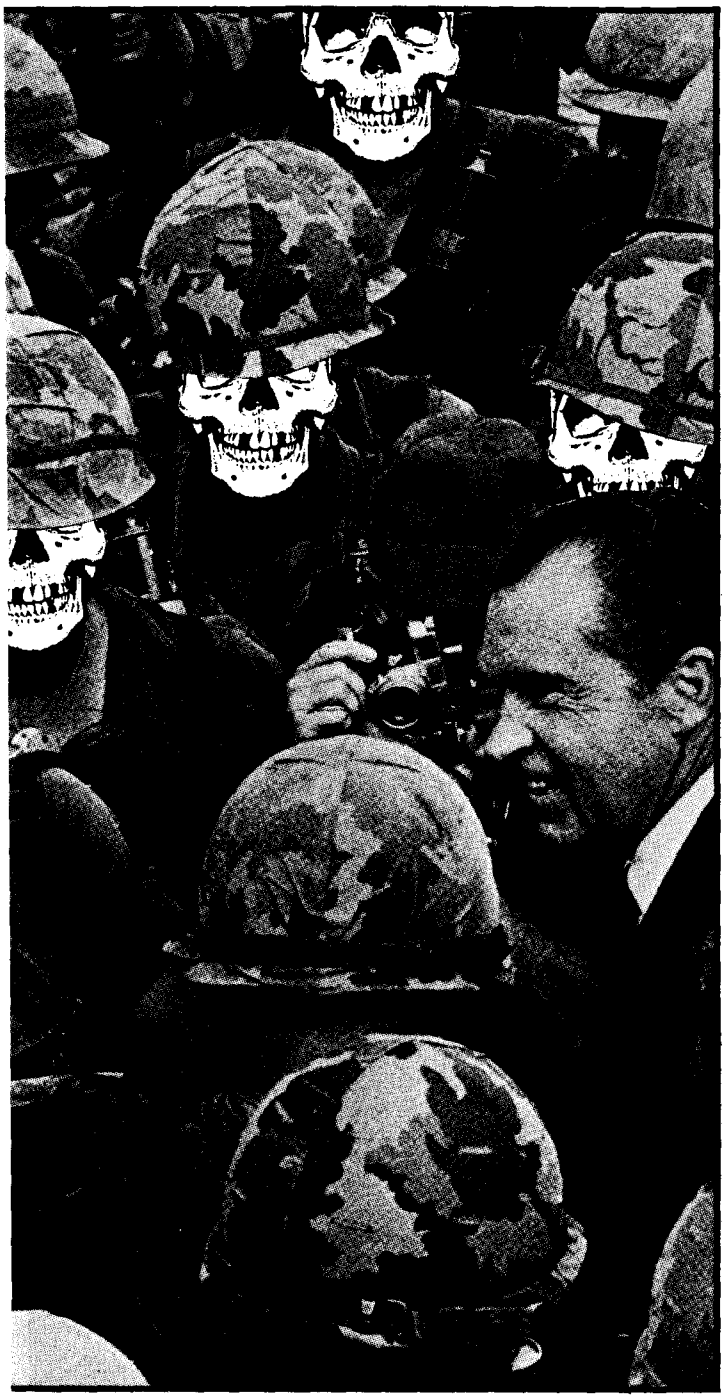

LIPNEY

casualties "without fulfilling its task." One month after Thieu's announcement of success, the American brigadier general commanding the Saigon area was killed in his helicopter over An Loc.

On the Central Highlands front, the Saigon forces near Kontum have been tied down on Highway 14 for a similar length of time, as the guerrillas have sought to encircle the ARVN in indefensible positions on roads. Meanwhile, the PRG completely controls nearly all of heavily-populated Binh Dinh province, which stretches inland from the sea three-quarters of the distance to Laos. Thus Thieu's country is all but cut in two. But the Saigon regime has not been alone in sustaining heavy losses in the fighting. In early June, the U.S. lost its most important and experienced official in all Indochina, John Paul Vann, killed in his helicopter over Kontum.

On the Quang Tri-Hue front, a fatal error may have been committed by Nixon and Thieu in trying to retake Quang Tri before the November election. For the PRG guerrillas there, territory is not as decisive as it is for Thieu, who must claim to rule in at least the formal sense. Thieu faced the classic choice of dictators under attack: he could concentrate his remaining forces at the symbolic Hue and thus lose Quang Tri, or he could overextend himself by a "counter-offensive" into the lost province. He chose the latter.

Ironically, the general whom Thieu dispatched to Quang Tri was a man who had fought with the French at Dienbienphu, Ngo Quang Trung. With him went the entire strategic reserve of the Saigon Army, the marines and paratroopers, who are the only experienced and mobile units left.

As in the case of An Loc, Thieu claimed victory prematurely. In early July he said that Quang Tri City was retaken, and on July 26 that its inner Citadel was in his hands. In reality his troops were only beginning a long and bloody fight. They had marched up the "Street Without Joy" (so named by the weary French) into the most heavily fortified front they had encountered since they invaded Laos in February 1971.

Quickly the "Street Without Joy" became a dead end. The guerrilla army began "initiating its classic technique of forcing enemy troops into a long, narrow corridor and then attacking from the sides." (New York *Times,* 7/22/72) In Quang Tri City, the ARVN paratroopers took so many casualties that they were relieved by the marines at the end of July. The marines then were thrown to their stomachs by pinpoint shelling which reached the level of 2000 rounds per day despite the most concentrated U.S. air and

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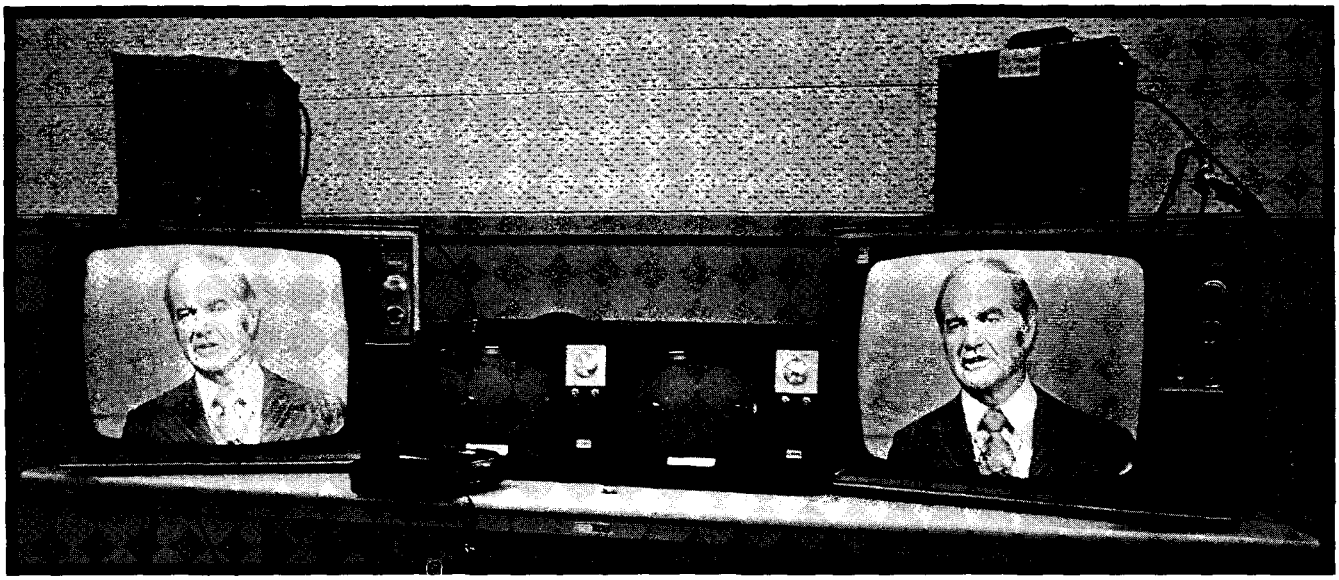

naval bombing, shelling and gassing ever attempted. Meanwhile, the PRG began shelling and probing the western outskirts of Hue, which now was left more exposed by the Quang Tri fighting.

CONCURRENTLY, IN THE MEKONG DELTA, another classic guerrilla pattern has appeared which may become the politically decisive confrontation of the war. The Delta contains one-third of the people of the South, and supplies most of the rice to Saigon. The occupying ARVN had departed there for the three main fronts in early April, and in the vacuum the guerrillas began appearing everywhere, "quietly reasserting control this spring over many of their once powerful bases around Saigon." (New York *Times,* 6/16/72) Not only are central Delta provinces like Chuong Thien fully liberated but, according to sources as conservative as the Los Angeles *Times,* so are those ringing the outer defense perimeter of Saigon itself: Phuoc Thuy to the Southeast, Go Cong directly South, Tayninh and the Plain of Reeds to the north and west, and Dinh Tuong, which lies on strategic Route 4 to the southwest. Despite the fact that these provinces were the chief U.S. pacification efforts in 1965–68, the guerrillas have returned to dominant positions there.

The Delta is politically the most important confrontation point of the offensive, even though less publicized than the seige warfare to the north. During this summer's rains, the guerrillas are destroying any remaining ARVN companies, in apparent preparation for the October-November dry season when they can either ring Saigon with an offensive or isolate the city by cutting all road and communication lines. It is, of course, dangerous to predict the course of an offensive, but this possibility seems so clear that it is already contributing to the crisis of Thieu's tenure (New York *Times,* 8/6/72).

Thieu's army, the very base of Nixon's Vietnamization doctrine, is approaching its last stand. If two divisions are destroyed at Quang Tri, the remaining troops would face general collapse.

Already, various signs point to the disintegration of the army, including its high command. Saigon Defense Minister Nguyen Van Vy has been arrested and charged with graft. Gen. Vu Van Goai, who retreated from Quang Tri in May, is under house arrest. Gen. Hoang Xuan Lam, commander in the northernmost provinces (I Corps), and Gen. Ngo Dzu, of the Central Highlands (II Corps), were relieved during the offensive. According to the Los Angeles *Times,* 8/3/72, only General Trung at Quang Tri is above suspicion and "respectable." That is one general out of fifty who make up the ARVN high command.

Meanwhile, the cities suffer under what the New York *Times,* 7/24/72, describes as "draconian police measures." Thieu managed to obtain emergency powers by calling a special midnight meeting of the Senate, from which the opposition was excluded by means of police and barbed wire. He has closed all but the most favorable Saigon newspapers, and he has arrested tens of thousands—essentially, his entire non-communist opposition. All things considered, it thus appears likely that Thieu will soon be "presiding" over a "country" minus one northern province, cut through its middle, and physically cut off from the majority of its population. He will nominally "govern" Saigon, and perhaps Pleiku, Danang and Hue, but these cities will be politically restive and economically disintegrating. They will not be enough of a base for Thieu to justify continued rule, and ultimately they will not be defensible. All this leaves Nixon in an ever-more-precarious situation. Unlike Johnson, who had 500,000 American troops to protect Saigon, he has only Thieu and his sinking army. Therefore he has turned to terror bombing—the worst in history—to punish the Vietnamese and threaten them with genocide as the price of victory.

According to Agence France Press, from March 30 to June 20 Nixon dropped 218,700 tons of bombs on Vietnam, including 146,700 from B-52s during saturation bombing runs. This represents the quickest, most massive escalation in the history of this war. While those who name him as the greatest war criminal of the whole Vietnam aggres-

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"McGovern's campaign is the first which holds out the real possibility of peace, not because McGovern is 'different' but because the American government faces a truly desperate situation."

sion are right, it must not be forgotten that his mounting murder campaign stems from his own defeat on the ground.

Nixon and Kissinger have failed to prevent this defeat by diplomacy even though they have altered the entire structure of international relations attempting to do it. Through their various summit meetings, they had hoped to arrange a Vietnam settlement similar to the one sought by the French 18 years ago at Geneva: a battlefield cease-fire followed by political agreements. This arrangement benefits the loser, by saving his troops in time to re-equip them, and offers nothing to the PRG but "free elections" under a U.S.-controlled Saigon regime. The U.S. would have its POWs returned and its few remaining troops withdrawn (to other areas of Indochina), and then would be free to continue the air war or re-introduce ground troops if the political negotiations break down.

THIS PROPOSAL CAN NEVER BE ACCEPTABLE to the winning PRG forces since it merely rehashes the 1954 Geneva promise which has yet to be fulfilled. They have already experienced American neo-colonialism under Diem's police state, when there were no U.S. troops and no U.S. bombs, yet no independence existed for the Vietnamese people. They cannot accept now what they originally took up arms against; instead, they propose a coalition government of anti-communists, neutralists and the PRG with only one condition—that it not be controlled by the U.S. They seem even willing to accept a "transitional coalition" to replace Thieu and then negotiate with the PRG and other parties (New York *Times*, 8/3/72). This is the most generous offer they can make and still retain their right to self-determination. If the U.S. chooses not to negotiate on this basis in Paris, the Vietnamese will simply continue implementing the three-segment coalition as they have in Paris with many exile groups, in Quang Tri with the former ARVN, and in Saigon clandestinely.

Though touted as a sign of "suffering" on the part of the liberation forces, the reopening" of talks in Paris represents a change of policy not by the PRG and the DRV, but by the Nixon Administration which cancelled them in the first place. Kissinger was forced back to the conference room by the collapse of Vietnamization and a desire to undercut the domestic impact of the war issue in the Presidential campaign (Los Angeles *Times*, 7/20/72). Such a move became necessary with the failures of the Grand Design to have Russia and China pressure Vietnam into a Nixonesque "settlement."

Not that the diplomatic maneuvering bore no fruit for the administration. The story of this effort requires further examination, but it seems clear now that both Russia and China have placed national interests, as indicated by Kissinger, above their solidarity with Vietnam. It was hardly "internationalism" when China announced its acceptance of the U.S. ping pong team one week after the PRG proposed its Seven Point Program last July. More callous by far was the Russian decision to welcome Nixon in Moscow and sign a "peaceful coexistence" agreement after Haiphong harbor was mined. Reliable sources go further to state that Podgorny followed the summit with a trip to Hanoi in which he urged acceptance of the Nixon ceasefire proposal. All these actions at the very least diverted attention from the Paris talks by opening the illusory prospect of a Great Power settlement once again. They also permitted the U.S. to escalate the killing of the Indochinese people without danger of a direct Soviet or Chinese response, thus bolstering the arguments made by hawks in the United States for the past five years.

Granted that the American anti-war movement has not given sufficient support to Vietnam (we have, after all, not sent tanks or rice), it still is not a "petit bourgeois hangup," as some maintain, to question the degree of proletarian internationalism being displayed by the socialist camp towards Vietnam. If Fidel Castro and Le Duc Tho can indirectly criticize their major benefactors, as they both have recently done in Eastern Europe, those who need no aid or supplies should go farther and make the criticism explicit. Otherwise, Kissinger can gloat in the complete silence of the

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international left towards the isolation of Vietnam.

But it is unjustified as well to go as far as others in implying that both Russia and China have betrayed Vietnam. Some, indeed, adopt the mechanical view that all socialist revolutions, when they attain state power, place national interests above international ones, and that their national interests always coincide with those of imperialism rather than revolution. This cannot account for the steady flow of oil and foodstuffs into Vietnam from its allies. The Chinese in particular have been refusing to make certain agreements with the U.S. until the Indochina war is settled. They have taken the lead, and more recently the Soviets have joined them, in organizing world opinion against the U.S. through the United Nations and other forums.

In fact the international tempo, which seemed to favor Nixon in the immediate wake of the summits, now is swinging the other direction as a result of the genocidal bombing of the dikes and cities, and the U.S. refusal to talk sense in Paris.

Still, Nixon can be expected to develop a number of surprise maneuvers between now and November to offset this "worldwide propaganda campaign," as he calls it. Chief among these would be a domestic peace offering of the sort already predicted by Flora Lewis (New York *Times*, 8/11/72) in reporting the speculation in Paris about impending developments: "Since these are crucial months on the American political calendar, it is considered that a bombing halt may be feasible and even desirable from the American point of view, if Washington can get something in exchange." Obviously, "something in exchange" would not include independence for the Vietnamese people. Rather, the Administration has in mind a gesture designed to cool off the war as a campaign issue, possibly the release of some American POWs.

With the same purpose, the U.S. government has recently begun to inspire news stories in the national media about "bloodbaths" in Quang Tri and Binh Dinh. Through such devices, the administration hopes to justify its negotiating posture—i.e., that a complete U.S. withdrawal would prepare the way for the massacre of, and tyranny over, millions of South Vietnamese.

In making these charges, the Nixon Administration is, of course, playing to the American people, and here the role of the anti-war movement becomes crucial. The propaganda about "winding down the war," the summits which promised peace, and now the Electoral Spectacle, have served to sidetrack many people seriously worried about Vietnam. Frustrated by apparent failure, they have given up on their own sense of power, and are viewing McGovern as the "last hope" (as many viewed McCarthy and Kennedy in 1968). At another extreme are those so alienated from electoral politics that they are in danger of missing a unique opportunity to seize the time in organizing against U.S. aggression.

To those who feel useless: read the Pentagon Papers; it will be seen that protest and war-weariness were among the major "costs" of the war which worried the Pentagon and led to the adoption of the Nixon Doctrine. Beyond that, they prepared the base for anti-war politicians to emerge in 1968 and for the demonstrations in Chicago that year which "reformed" the Democratic Party, leading ultimately to McGovern's nomination in 1972. Why should we then underestimate our own power now by either indulging in frustration or abandoning anti-war work to join the McGovern campaign?

MCGOVERN HAS RISEN TO PROMINENCE through the same factors that brought Mendes-France to power in 1954. His campaign is the first since the beginning of the Vietnam war which holds out a real possibility of peace—not because McGovern is "different" but because the American government faces a truly desperate situation.

The anti-war movement can determine the election, and the election period can determine the future of the anti-war movement. This election, like others before, is marked by military escalation wrapped in promises of peace. Nixon aims to force McGovern to down-play Vietnam. In this he is aided by the Establishment Democrats whom McGovern is trying to woo. Already the candidate has backtracked on amnesty for war resisters and on the question of "residual forces" in Thailand.

The anti-war movement alone can expose the Administration's lies about Vietnam, and thereby force McGovern to keep the issue a top priority. If we succeed in that, we will force upon Nixon the only two choices we are capable of imposing: that he negotiate sincerely in Paris or face defeat in November. A steady rise in McGovern's popularity will not only threaten Nixon's ability to hold on, but will intensify the hysteria within the Thieu regime. As one is weakened, the other suffers too; the rhythm, once begun, could be fatal.

If the anti-war movement creates an anti-Nixon mood, if most of the traditional Democratic coalition holds, if youth registration and voting is very high, McGovern can be elected and the war brought to its final phase in November.

Even if McGovern does not win, even if he loses by a small margin, the war—having played a major role in the campaign—will have given Nixon warning that he cannot prolong the war without severe domestic "costs" of the kind the Nixon Doctrine was designed to prevent. Upon taking office, he will once again be faced with a collapsing Thieu regime and a rising opposition in America. The stage will be set for a major confrontation between Nixon and public opinion, perhaps including Congress itself, if he attempts further escalation.

Thanks to the Vietnamese offensive, and the American election, the anti-war movement thus has an opportunity which may not come again for a long time.

At this point, we certainly ought not forget that the war has shown us what is wrong and what must be changed in America. If the Vietnamese secure their independence, the American people will be the victors as well. We will have resisted the encroachment of the draft, the repression of anti-war forces, the racism and elitism of the U.S. Army, the economic squeeze required to continue the war. Perhaps, most of all, we will have ended through our own efforts a generation of official lies meant to control our minds. Vietnam's independence will open the possibility of our own.

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SOUL IN AFRICA

James Brown

FROM 1871 TO 1878 THE famous Fisk Jubilee Singers toured America and much of Western Europe. After the turn of the century, other Jubilee groups went to Africa, acting more or less as ambassadors of Afro-American culture. In spite of the fact that the "Negro spirituals" which the Jubilee Singers helped to popularize carried a social message reflecting long years of hardship and suffering, the appearance of these black students—in their European dress and on behalf of a black university—no doubt tended to distract attention from the real brutalities of black life in America. For while the Jubilee Singers were making people all over the world aware that Afro-Americans sing beautifully, the lynching, castration and burning alive of poor blacks in America was becoming a national pastime.

Today, the successors to the Fisk Jubilee Singers tour Africa, spreading a similarly distracting message and—to some degree—serving as advance men for American political and economic imperialism.

I first came to realize how Soul Music is used by American imperialism when I was a research student in Ghana two and a half years ago. In November 1969, the *Ghanaian Times* reported that President Julius Nyerere had banned Soul Music from Tanzania and threatened to shut down night clubs which continued to ignore the decree. The action appeared to be a deliberate slap in the face to Afro-Americans, perhaps an indication that Tanzania was relapsing into a coma of reactionary nationalism similar to that which prevailed in Ghana following the overthrow of Kwame Nkrumah.

Yet such an explanation didn't really fit, for Ghanaian Prime Minister K. A. Busia had never tampered with the popular Soul Joints, even while he uprooted thousands of Africans from their homes with his "Alien Quit Orders." Nor had he interfered with record distributors who were doing a booming business in Afro-American music.

Not long afterwards, I gained some insight into the circumstances which might lead a progressive Nyerere to ban black American music while the reactionary Busia tolerated it.

James Brown, I knew, was making one of his frequent appearances on Ghanaian television, and I made a point of seeing the show. The student lounge was packed. On the television screen, as Brown concluded his rendition of "When I Ruled the World,"

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANKLYNN PETERSON/BLACK STAR

by J. K. Obatala

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out stepped a short black figure with shiny teeth. He clutched a portable microphone in his hands and sermoned: "Start from the bottom and move to the top; that's the American way!" The audience, Soul-struck from the Brown revue, heard him describe the "living reality" of American life—how hordes of poor people were battling their way to the top of the American economic ladder. As immediate and living proof, he called out the general manager of James Brown Enterprises and J. B. himself, both of whom gave glorious testimony to the blessings bestowed upon them by black capitalism.

The speaker—the host of the show—was none other than the Afro-American millionaire, comedian Nipsy Russell, who in the U.S. does a back-to-Africa joke which usually ends with the punch line: "I don't wanna trade my Cadillac for no elephant."

The point could hardly have been clearer. Nipsy Russell, James Brown, the Famous Flames—they were in Africa not just to provide good, soulful entertainment, but to spread the myth of Afro-American affluence. Their job was to drive home the basic syllogism of U.S. propaganda: America is rich; "Afros"—as black Americans are called—live in America; ergo, Afros are rich—and happy.

This widely accepted conception has given rise to what might be called an "Afro-Quake." Everything Afro-American—dance, mannerisms, dress—is imitated. One can find "Afro-Clothiers," "Afro-Food," "Afro-Wigs," even "Afro-Khababs," served in hip, urban nightclubs by teen-age waiters in Afro-stencilled sweatshirts.

On countless occasions I was asked by African high school and university students about "life in America," only to learn that what they really wanted to know was how much money James Brown made or whether he really had his own airplane. Indeed, the mere mention of "Afro-American" or "Soul" music conjures up a thousand images of luxury and wealth, not the least of which is James Brown sliding over super-slick floors, flinging off one diamond-studded cape after another.

I gradually discovered that the average African neither understands the escapist nature of the Soul myth, nor wants to, because he does not believe that there is anything to escape from in America. Black poverty, oppression, and exploitation in the U.S. is inconceivable. To him, Soul symbolizes affluence, not oppression—and he has frequent and vivid confirmation on television and radio.

Members of Africa's new Soul Set have a special stake in maintaining the myth, for they view the Afro-American stereotype of today as the African of tomorrow. To document the brutalities of black existence in the U.S., or to suggest a different order of priorities for Africans—few of whom can drive a Volkswagen, let alone a Mercedes—is thus tantamount to interfering with Africa's future.

To be sure, the U.S. government has an interest in cultivating favor with the Soul Set. Not only are they the largest purchasers of radios, televisions, and clothes, but they constitute the educated, mainly non-socialist, elite. It is they who will determine, for example, if the London Rhodesian Company ("Lon-Rho") will retain its dirt cheap monopoly of Ghana's Ashanti Gold Fields; whether Kaiser Aluminum will maintain its lily-white segregated community at Tema in Ghana; whether the same company will continue to import raw bauxite from the West Indies to Ghana even though the latter has one of the largest bauxite deposits in the world.

Their high opinion of America is important, and if it can be bought with a Boogaloo, it is cheap at the price. As J. B. himself says, "Money won't change ya," but the promise of wealth certainly does have its political uses. Strange to say, the American government uses the music of black Americans to make the promises which it will use against black Africans. Therein lies the sense of Nyerere's action.

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Just one more time...

by Dick Lupoff

IT SURELY DOESN'T RANK with such questions as "What were you doing when you learned of the bombing of Pearl Harbor?" or even "Where were you when the lights went out?" but I happen to recall exactly where I first heard the peculiarly rough voice of Rod Stewart. It was in a record shop in Montreal; a young salesgirl was playing a new album called *Truth* by the English Jeff Beck Group, and an oddly mixed number of customers clustered around the speakers to hear this oddity.

Beck, a virtuoso guitarist, had recently split from the Yardbirds, taking organist John Paul Jones with him. He added Stewart as vocalist, Mick Waller (who had played with Stewart in a defunct band called Steam Packet) as drummer, and the much-traveled Nicky Hopkins as pianist.

Stewart sang for Beck on *Truth* and toured with the Beck Group, then made *The Rod Stewart Album* on his own, while continuing as a member of Beck's band, and remained with Beck for another album, *Beck-Ola,* before leaving that band and joining the Small Faces, the band with whom he still records and tours. (They have since dropped the word Small from their title.)

The significance of these changes, other than reflecting a series of musical affiliations, is that popular music generates a very substantial amount of revenue, and while the musicians themselves often show a remarkable dedication to their art, the commercial interests behind them tend to exhibit a distinctly cold-blooded attitude in the pursuit of profit.

One of the common practices of the recording industry, when a band is signed to a contract, is also to require each member of the band to give the recording company an option on his services, should he ever record as a single musician. Somehow, when Columbia signed the Jeff Beck Group to

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ROD STEWART

their Epic label, they neglected to get such an option from Stewart—an omission they have since had good reason to regret.

The Small Faces, in this same period (1968–69), were coincidentally also signed to Epic, but the two albums they released were not notably successful and their contract also lapsed.

By the time the dust had cleared, the situation was this:

The Jeff Beck Group, comprising entirely new personnel except for Beck himself, remains on Epic, but their recordings since their personnel changes have not attained great critical or commercial success.

The Faces are signed to Warner Bros., for whom they have recorded three albums, each more successful than its predecessor, with another due for release in November of this year.

Rod Stewart has released four albums on Mercury, also with increasing success; the latest, just released, is *Never a Dull Moment*.

This arrangement leaves Columbia-Epic more or less out in the cold (although we need shed no tears for them; they have plenty of other artists selling plenty of records), while Warners and Mercury share a fat money pie generated by Stewart and the Faces. To illustrate just how fat, consider that Stewart's third Mercury album, *Every Picture Tells a Story*, sold some 2,500,000 copies at an average retail price of $3.50. (Recordings carry list prices generally ranging from $4.98 to $6.98, but these are about as meaningful as the list prices of Detroit-built automobiles.) A 45-RPM single from the album sold a similar number of copies at an average price of 79 cents.

That comes to a total well over ten million dollars.

Neither Mercury nor Warner Bros. is very comfortable with the situation. Mercury's official biography of Stewart, which accompanied press copies of *Never a Dull Moment*, goes into such

BACK OF THE BOOK LOGOS BY MARY WAGNER

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esoterica as his status as an amateur soccer player, his early musical efforts, which produced so little income that he had to sleep on park benches during a tour of France, and his work with Beck—since Stewart is now safely separated from Beck. But there is not a single word about his association with the Faces!

Rumors of tours by Stewart as a single act occur frequently but so far have all proven false. Mercury and Warners thus schedule releases of Stewart's—and Faces'—albums around Faces' tours. Mercury released *Never a Dull Moment* to coincide with an American tour of the group in August; Warners is holding the next Faces album to coincide with a Faces tour set for November.

Head-on competition by simultaneous release of a Stewart album and a Faces album has thus far been avoided, but could conceivably come about if either recording company faked the other into an "offsides" move, by accident or design.

In fact, Stewart is far more important to Mercury than the Faces are to Warners. The latter company has a fat catalog including many major attractions: Neil Young, Jethro Tull, America, Alice Cooper, the Grateful Dead, Jimi Hendrix, the Mothers of Invention, and—due for a major promotional campaign with their first album in almost five years—Sopwith Camel.

Mercury has a far smaller list; the company's leading artists are such substantial but unspectacular sellers as Buddy Miles and Jerry Lee Lewis. Mercury has a lot more riding on Stewart than Warners has on the Faces.

Following a policy of riding with a winner rather than trying to salvage a flop, every major recording company places most of its promotional effort into support of a high-selling artist to push him even higher. Newcomers have to pray for the lightning-strike of the proverbial "just one break," and when it comes the result is frequently a roller-coaster ride to success and back to oblivion.

Rod Stewart is the latest in a series of male vocalists who have had the ride in recent years: Joe Cocker, James Taylor, Cat Stevens. . . . Any of these may recover from their present lack of airplay (both an indicator and a stimulant of record and concert-ticket sales) with a new release, but for the moment, at least, each has had his ride and each has seen it end.

Like many another "overnight" success, Stewart spent a number of years working as apprentice and journeyman before attracting the spotlight to himself. He is, therefore, not a candidate for the one-hit-then-oblivion syndrome. *Never a Dull Moment* offers a formula of four ingredients which will almost certainly make it a success on the order of *Every Picture Tells a Story*—providing that Mercury's promotion people can get a song from the album airplay like that of "Maggie May," the single from *Every Picture*.

The ingredients are well-chosen material, superior musicians, Stewart's own strangely appealing performance, and excellent technical quality.

The material—most of the songs are by Stewart with Faces guitarist Ron Wood; others are by Dylan, Hendrix, and Sam Cooke—tends to be melodically simple, rhythmically powerful, and lyrically earthy. The hit "Maggie May" concerns a schoolboy and his middle-aged mistress-patron. It contains lyrics like "All you did was wreck my bed/And in the morning kick me in the head." A possible candidate from *Never a Dull Moment* is "You Wear It Well," with lines like "You once were mine/But I blew it without even tryin' . . . Madame Onassis got nothin' on you."

The musicians include all of the Faces, plus fine session men who have been with Stewart for years and multiple albums: Mick Waller, who's been associated with Stewart since Steam Packet; Martin Quittenton, a guitarist whose style complements Stewart's voice perfectly; Pete Sears, a driving pianist and bass player whose bass-line on the old Sam Cooke tune "Twistin' the Night Away" is a classic period evocation.

As for Stewart himself, that weird gravelly voice and manic delivery seem to say "Anybody could do this." Of course anybody *couldn't* do it, but the suggestion is immensely appealing.

And as far as technical quality, the engineering on Stewart's recent albums, credited to Mike Boback, is fantastic. Not that you can hear that much when you listen to a single over an AM radio as you battle a traffic jam, but as more and more people get high-quality sound equipment in their living rooms, recording engineering quality becomes correspondingly important.

If "You Wear It Well" or some other song from this album makes it on AM like "Maggie May," *Never a Dull Moment* could be another ten-million-dollar package. If not, it will still be a solid success.

RECENT AND NOTEWORTHY:

COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN: HOT LICKS, COLD STEEL AND TRUCKERS' FAVORITES (Paramount)

Commander Cody was a cult-band with fanatical followers in San Francisco (their base of operations) and Ann Arbor, Michigan (their former home) when their first album was released last winter. That album, and a single from it, "Lost in the Ozone Again," enjoyed a modest success, mostly in San Francisco and Ann Arbor, until a promotion man for Paramount Records' parent company, Famous Music, induced Famous to issue a second single, "Hot Rod Lincoln." It was an old novelty number, refurbished by Cody; the promotion man, Dino Barbis, laid his job on the line to get it released; and when it became a huge success, Barbis' and Cody's stock both soared with Famous.

Hot Licks, Cold Steel and Truckers' Favorites follows the path laid down by the previous album: an amazing combination of country-gospel, raunchy boogie-woogie, and a sort of radical-freak mentality that yields music you can take either straight or with tongue-in-cheek and enjoy immensely either way.

Personnel on the new album are the same as on the first, except for the replacement of steel guitarist Steve Davis by Bobby Black, a hugely accomplished performer. The arrangements and performances are more polished than last time around, but Cody and the Airmen have retained enough of their ragged edges to stay in the rough-house league if they wanted to.

Listen in particular to "Mama Hated Diesels," a magnificent evocation of the bathos-soaked trucker's white blues

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that should become as much a classic as "Seeds and Stems" from the previous album.

THE DOORS: FULL CIRCLE
(Elektra)

Following the death of the Doors' lyricist and vocalist Jim Morrison, it was widely felt that the group was washed up. Their live performances emphasized Morrison's theatricality; their records, his singing. The total impression of the Doors was one of a sinister and often morbid presence. Morrison's sudden and mysterious death in Paris seemed almost orchestrated by one of his own moody poems.

Rather than replace Morrison, the remaining Doors—Robby Krieger, John Densmore and Ray Manzarek—have decided to continue as a trio, using other musicians to augment their tour and recordings.

Full Circle is their second album of new material since Morrison's death, and is amazingly good. The Doors are not at all to be written off.

As might have been expected, without Morrison they have moved in a new direction. *Other Voices*, their previous album, struck me as somewhat uncertain as to mood and direction, but *Full Circle* moves strongly and unequivocally in the direction of solid, vigorous rock and roll. The opening track of the album, "Get Up and Dance," sets the tone for the whole album. The instrumental performances are as good as the Doors ever were; the vocals, by Krieger and Manzarek, lack the distinction of Morrison's, but are entirely adequate and appropriate to the kind of material the Doors are doing now.

Full Circle is surely the lightest and most joyous album the Doors have ever released, and possibly one of their best.

IRVING *(From page 33)*

reward, it's very hard to be truthful and open and it's better to shut up, which I did throughout the whole thing.

Q. With laryngitis.

A. No, the laryngitis was real. It hit me on the plane coming over from Ibiza to New York. I went to sleep for a half hour and when I woke up my voice was gone. I think it was psychosomatic. No one can say. I was just physically exhausted, but it may have been I didn't want to tell any more lies. I didn't want to defend myself anymore and therefore my voice deserted me. My voice was wiser than I was.

Q. Can you relate to news itself, the making of news as an art form?

A. Well, I certainly get a sense of news as fiction and vice versa.

Q. Do you think you could write a novel again? After all this?

A. Sure. I plan to. I have no desire to write nonfiction anymore. I was a novelist, and the only nonfiction I wrote was *Fake* and then a very slim book called *The Battle of Jerusalem*, and I was in the middle of a novel when this Hughes thing started. I would love to get back to it.

Q. And you feel you can just go back, even though as you walk through every day of your life you'll say, isn't this incredible. Real life I mean.

A. I'm sure I can go back and I will. It's the only thing to do that's me. If I walk through my life as Clifford Irving, the guy who wrote the fake Hughes autobiography, or, as some would have it, Clifford Irving the con man and hoaxster, it would be insane. It's not me. I just want to live my life as myself—not necessarily do the thing I've always done, but do what's right for me at the time as a novelist or writer of true tales that have been fictions. That's the only identity I'll accept, the only label; otherwise I don't want the label, and if I have to live it down I'll do it.

Q. Do you get that feeling about Howard Hughes, about being trapped in his own myth? I mean how do you play a new Howard Hughes after you've shut yourself up like a clam and just forfeited $137 million—as he did with the TWA suit—just so he didn't have to show up in public. You don't suddenly appear in Times Square signing autographs.

A. That's not his style, but I think he is one of the greatest publicity hounds this century has ever known. Whether consciously or subconsciously, a great many of his moves have captured publicity. With all his money he could have moved from Las Vegas to the Bahamas in utter and absolute secrecy, but it was in the newspapers the next day. And when he skipped from the Bahamas to Nicaragua it was front page news. With all the clout he's got he could have avoided that publicity. I think somewhere in his secret self, if he's alive, he relishes it.

Q. In the telephone press conference, after you read the transcript of that, did you change any of your feelings about him?

A. No, I had very few feelings about him because I'd never met the man and that phone call was the most absurd thing I'd ever seen—like God speaking from a little box. It was a vision of 1984. No face-to-face confrontation—just the little box and the seven men sitting around it trying to vote on the truth. As if it were some television quiz show.

Q. They asked him if he was happy, and he said he wasn't happy any more, and he talked at length about his unhappiness, which I thought was touching 'cause you say, "Jeez, the richest guy in the world is not happy." And it evokes some nostalgia for the old myths we were raised on. You know, "Money can't buy . . . ."

A. Why should you assume the richest man in the world is happy? That's one thing I believed from the very beginning, that with that kind of money he's got to be miserable. If you have, well, he doesn't have two and one-half billion dollars—that's a figure we made up and it's been accepted by the media ever since then—the best estimate we could come up with based on all the research was one and a half billion. He's taking a terrible shellacking in Las Vegas. When you have that kind of money you must be a slave to it. Of course Howard in the autobiography tried to free himself from the slavery of money. That's his big thing, to become an individual who's no longer dependent on it. That's why he goes to see Albert Schweitzer in French Equatorial Africa, and why he establishes the relationship with Hemingway. He wants to be a man of the people again and he wants to search for a guru who will release him from the economic bondage he's in and the corruption that he's had to live with all his life.

Q. When you write about your sex-

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ual adventures, one gets the impression of a smart Jewish boy living out his fantasies of the long-legged, blonde Shiksehs.

A. Well, I like long-legged blondes, I'm a Jewish boy, I'm not so smart as I thought I was, obviously, and, as you know, they weren't fantasies.

Q. No, you were living out your fantasies, which is in one sense what freedom is. Isn't it?

A. It is, provided you don't get involved in a fantasy that hurts other people, or that hurts yourself. That was my mistake. I had lived out a lot of fantasies in my life. I'd done some wild and crazy things, but they were innocent things which harmed no one and I always felt that was the way to live, if you can do it. I once sailed from Mexico to Spain in a three-masted schooner, and I didn't know how to sail and neither did the other six people on the boat. That was living out a fantasy. If we'd sunk in the Atlantic, the only people it could have harmed was us. It took us three and a half months to get there.

Q. Have you read the book Open Marriage?

A. No.

Q. Do you have an idea of a successful marriage?

A. Considering that I've been married so often, I don't have too many healthy views on the subject. Marriage is obviously an arrangement in one sense, and in another sense it's a method of procreating the human race. As far as the relationship goes, what I believe is that two people have to make their own decisions and I personally don't care what the decisions are. If they decide on open marriage, which I presume is the freedom to sleep with whomever you like, fine, that's their business and I have absolutely nothing against it. When two people feel that the only way they can be married is by accepting absolute fidelity and they feel they can make it, OK, fine, beautiful. What I do resent, and what I feel is harmful, are statements that say marriage must be this, marriage has to be that. Marriage is a relationship and all relationships are different. No two are alike.

Q. Germaine Greer says that a bed is a war zone. That you should approach getting into bed as battle. It involves a power struggle on the most fundamental level. Do you have that view?

A. No. It's utterly foreign to me. I enjoy lovemaking. To me it's a gigantic experience. It's a drama where you're totally involved in the role you're playing. The role can change from night to night or day to day, and you can play variations on the emotional and sexual theme, but a battle? I wouldn't want to battle anyone in bed—certainly not Germaine Greer.

Q. When you were in Mexico with Nina you told her about the hoax. Have you wondered now, looking back, what your motivation was at the time?

A. There was a double reason for telling her. The primary reason was that there was that element of trust between us. She told me the most intimate things of her life and I told her because we trusted each other. My trust turned out to be completely misplaced. The second reason, which I could have gotten around I suppose, was that I was supposed to be meeting Hughes there and it was going to be very awkward to pretend to her that I was meeting Hughes. So I told her, and she swore she would keep it a secret, and in the occasional times that I saw her during the year I kept her informed of what was going on. And then she did her thing. Last February, when the media asked her, she responded, and responded, and responded, and responded and responded.

Q. Do you think that you had the second book in the back of your mind all along? That you wanted to tell the story of the caper and that's why you told her?

A. I never had that idea. I didn't tell anyone else; it was only Dick Suskind, Edith and Nina who knew about it. I never had the idea of telling, but often thought the hoax would be revealed somewhere along the line. I think at some point I might have been driven by that compulsion to confess, but it was never a conscious thing in my mind that I'll do this thing so that I can write what really happened. And I said several times to Dick and Edith that, when I'm old and gray, I'll tell the true story and lock it in a safe deposit box for my kids. When we started the caper, I started to keep a journal of what happened, and after three weeks I destroyed it, because I realized it was insane to keep it and I wasn't going to write anything about it. It was only the discovery, and our ultimate confession, and the lies that were being told in the newspapers, and the half-truths, that prompted me to write the book, as well as the fact that I got socked with an enormous bill—from McGraw-Hill, not only for the money I had taken from them but the additional costs, and a half million dollar fine levied by IRS, and gigantic lawyers' fees, and the cost of the Swiss investigation, which is estimated to be $40,000 right now and $60,000 when it's finished.

Q. I thought you might have got caught because you accepted the myth of the secret Swiss bank account. Do you think that was the undoing of the whole affair?

A. Yes, from the practical point of view it was. Yes. I was completely naive and misinformed about Swiss banks. I thought they guaranteed total secrecy and I had no idea they would or could reveal what they did.

Q. What happened to you followed what has happened to Timothy Leary in Switzerland. Everyone thought Switzerland was neutral and almost anyone could ask for refuge there. People were really jolted when they threw him in jail.

A. Apparently their neutrality ends at the bank vaults.

Q. They screwed the Jews out of incredible amounts of money during the Second World War. They turned over a lot of refugees. Their court system is incredibly corrupt.

A. I don't know too much about the Swiss. I haven't spent too much time in Switzerland. Obviously, as far as Edith is concerned, I hope she will receive justice tempered with mercy, but what I fear is that she could be made a scapegoat and that the Swiss could use this incident to say, "Look how marvelous we are, we're putting this mother of two children in jail and you're yelling at us about hiding Mafia money and money from dictators all over the world. Look, we've got Edith Irving in jail and therefore we're OK." I pray that is not what they're going to do. They've been embarrassed and the banks have been embarrassed, and the banks are synonymous with the country, but it would strike me as the worst miscarriage of human justice if em-

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barrassment led to imprisonment of somebody who was really a peripheral figure and didn't know what the hell was going on half the time. Who did what she did out of loyalty to me and with the feeling that it would save our marriage and keep me out of trouble, and by trouble she meant Nina.

Q. One reason we thought the Swiss were giving Leary such a hard time was because he was identified with LSD, which to an anal retentive society is abandonment of control. LSD was invented in Switzerland. It probably was a curse they tried to live down. They seem to be allowing him to stay now but they had him in jail for a long time.

A. I don't quite understand the Swiss thing. I'm being sued by a man, Ahmed Legros, who was one of the characters in my book *Fake*. He's suing me for $150 million. The book simply outlines his career as a salesman of fake art painted by Emile De Voury. He's wanted in France for charges of fraud and the Swiss have given him sanctuary and refuse to allow extradition to France, yet the Swiss are fighting tooth and nail to get Edith over there. I guess Legros didn't offend a Swiss bank.

Q. Hey, what can you expect from a country that's famous for clocks and banks? Do you have a credit card?

A. I had one. It's been cancelled. (much laughter) I loved my credit card. Really. It's a great invention.

Q. Why did you turn down the headache commercial?

A. We felt that it would be really frivolous at that time, when the case was being bandied about in the newspapers and we hadn't yet entered a guilty plea. They showed me the lines that I had to speak, and despite the fact that I obviously sold this book to McGraw-Hill, I am not a salesman. It really bugs me to go up and say, "I think this remedy is the greatest thing in the world," when I never used it in my life. I certainly could have used the money.

Q. I don't get it. Money seems to be a prime motive in selling McGraw-Hill a phony book, yet you turn down a lucrative deal on a commercial for television. In between the two there lies some sense of morality. Did you attach any moral significance to what you did? Was it morally justified?

A. Well, I suppose when I was doing it I must have felt it was morally justified or I wouldn't have been able to do it. Since then I have realized that it wasn't morally justified. I'm not talking about McGraw-Hill and the book buying public; I'm talking about the moral justification in taking a risk in life which is an unnecessary one and which imperils other people—in this case my wife and my kids. I believe in taking risks. Hemingway, who is not really a hero of mine—that seems to have been a myth which has come out in the papers relative to me—I think it was Hemingway who once said, *"If something is necessary it's moral, and if it's unnecessary it's immoral."* That was his definition and it's one I can abide by. And the whole Hughes caper was, in my life, totally unnecessary, and therefore I can see the immorality of it. Deception can be fun and it happens constantly in life—people are always deceiving one another on different levels—but I think I went too far in this thing and ended up badly scarred. I felt so goddamned uneasy, especially toward the end. Especially when I was deceiving friends of mine. That really bugged me because that's something I have tried to avoid doing in my life and I had to deceive a couple of friends, doing this. I have a lot of regrets about it.

Q. Is that a result of having got caught? Do you feel for legal reasons you have to say that? The original title you had was Almost, *wasn't it?*

A. No, the original title I had was *Interesting Times,* which is from an old Chinese curse, "May you live in interesting times."

Q. You had a number of titles.

A. Yeah.

Q. Didn't your chance for parole hamper your telling the story you wanted? Did legal considerations influence the book much?

A. No, they didn't. (Laughter. All join in.) The title of the book is probably the most accurate: *What Really Happened.* I don't know if it's a glamorous one, but it's *what really happened.*

Q. Maybe I ought to try and capture what you did in a more revolutionary context. The whole relationship of an outlaw to a revolutionary movement, the similarities and differences between an outlaw and a revolutionary, seem incredibly fascinating. Can you see any political consequences in your act? Is there anything we should learn?

A. It's what's going on all the time. Thefts and cons. When I watch a politician on television, I know nine times out of ten I'm watching a con man, and I know that business is based on theft within the loopholes of the law, but I can't see myself as a revolutionary. If other people see me that way, OK I don't care. As I said before, the labels are of no interest to me. I've never been an outlaw. What I did I suppose was to live my own life the way I wanted to live it. A lot of people have resented that—it showed up in the media, the fact that I left America. You know, one of the greatest crimes you can commit is to become an expatriate. People think you're thumbing your nose at them. I wasn't doing that. I simply found it more congenial there on Ibiza and it became my home. I still have ties here, but the fact that I could move back and forth so easily between the two societies, and live the kind of life that a great many people say they want to live, bugged a lot of people inwardly, people who were

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damned to their nine-to-five jobs and paying off their mortgages in the rat-race of modern society. I've always experienced a resentment on the part of other people toward the kind of life I lived, even before this. But I could never see myself as an outlaw or revolutionary because I never have lived in terms of an image about myself. I was just me writing my books, sailing my boat, playing with my kids, reading and rapping with people, and enjoying as much as I could.

Q. You attach no political significance to your . . .

A. No, I don't. There may be political significance, but it's not coming from me. History is probably wiser than I am and maybe able to see what happened in a perspective that I can't. I can only see it from inside. I don't see myself from the outside as a lot of people do.

Q. Do you have a sense of why you're being punished?

A. I interrupted the social contract, and as far as the law is concerned I defrauded McGraw-Hill. As far as federal law is concerned, that is. As far as the state is concerned I committed grand larceny. I understand the necessity for laws, starting with the simple concept that you have to have traffic lights or everybody would be piling up on the street and killing each other. Yes, I do understand why I'm being punished, and I do view it as punishment. I don't think I need rehabilitation. I don't think the fact that I'm serving a sentence in prison is going to serve as a deterrent because I don't think anyone will try this sort of stuff again. God knows, I won't.

DIKES *(From page 25)*

surge angrily down through the Delta in late summer and empty into the sea. It was to prevent these waters from flooding over the banks of the Red River, and inundating the arable lands of Tonkin, that the dikes were first constructed by the peasants of North Vietnam several hundred years ago. But whatever happens to the dikes in coming weeks, the least that can now be said with certainty is that American officials have again demonstrated to Hanoi that they can threaten, and begin to carry out, still another escalation of their war against Vietnam, and yet at the same time remain blameless in the eyes of their own people. True, there has been no shortage of popular personalities, right up to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, to draw attention to Hanoi's allegations; the problem is that the opinion-makers in this country have not been astute enough, or courageous enough, to ask the hard questions that would reveal another upward turn in Washington's ferocious escalation of the war.

It's not even any longer a question of instinctively trusting, or being unwilling to discount, the word of the President; a simple casual glance at Nixon's statements over the past few months would instantly reveal that American attacks on the North Vietnamese dikes are a far from remote possibility. It is, rather, an unwillingness to confront directly what this country has done, and is doing, to the people of Indochina; a refusal to acknowledge that it is within the capacity of an American President to bring destruction to an entire civilization in order to uphold what he considers the honor of his office. Too often, the political analysts, and even the antiwar activists, in America have said that there was a limit beyond which even this most bellicose of Presidents would refuse to go in his attempts to win his goals in Indochina, that there were transgressions which would be beyond the scope of any American Administration to commit. Such an exercise in self-hypnosis is now taking place on the issue of whether American planes are causing damage to North Vietnam's dikes. For the President has stated repeatedly that there are *no* limits he will not breach in his efforts to bring about an "honorable" American departure from the war. Rather than disbelieving Nixon, we should take him at his word.

What would it mean for the people of North Vietnam if the United States were to mount a full-scale attack on the dikes? In a word, catastrophe. The destruction of the dike system—or even of the key links in it—would cause the devastation of the North Vietnamese heartland and the slaughter of millions throughout the country. Along with the less important system of locks and dams, which provide the farmers of the North with irrigation water during the dry season of the year, and the tidewater walls which hold back the sea, the dikes serve as the harness of North Vietnam's great waterways. Ever since their construction in the Middle Ages, they have saved the Tonkin Plain—now the home of some 15 million people—from being flooded during the rainy season. Each year, after the monsoons, the major rivers are inundated by mountain floods which carry with them large quantities of silt. Settling in the river beds, this earthen substance has after thousands of years elevated the rivers to a height of several yards above the plain itself. Only the dikes stand between the rivers and the plain. If the dikes were to collapse, the plain would be submerged, its homes would be washed away, and many of its inhabitants would be drowned. Even more critically, the arable land on the plain would be rendered useless. North Vietnam, an area which even under the best of possible conditions has never produced enough food for its own population, would be exposed to the specter of mass starvation. With the American blockade now in effect against its harbors, the North would be cut off from a food supply of any appreciable size. The consequences for its civilian population would be endless, the death and the suffering unimaginable in scope.

It may, or may not, be too soon for such dire predictions. But indirect American bombardment of the dikes—which the State Department paper of July admits has taken place—portends a possible all-out effort to destroy the dikes, and it is almost certainly intended as a threat to Hanoi's leaders that, if they do not sue for "peace" on

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American terms, such an effort may soon occur.

For the time being, indirect bombardment carries with it a number of special advantages from Washington's point of view. It enables the United States to initiate, and to continue, the destruction of the dikes in so piecemeal a fashion that it will not stir political opposition either domestically or on the world scene. Such bombardment also causes damage which cannot be perceived or calculated with very much certainty, and must therefore go unrepaired. Even if their current manpower shortage were not plaguing them, the North Vietnamese would be hard-pressed to cope with dike damage below water level, or with a more widespread weakening of the entire dike structure. As a result, the repairs which the North Vietnamese could make on dikes which have been directly bombed, and have sustained visible, calculable damage, cannot be made on dikes which have merely been shaken to their roots.

It also appears that the North Vietnamese have met with another obstacle in whatever efforts they have made to repair the dike damage: air attacks, by means of anti-personnel "pellet" bombs, which Hanoi charges America has launched against repairmen working on the dikes. Official statements from Washington have alleged that the North Vietnamese are not attempting to repair the dike damage, yet nowhere do they deign to comment on Hanoi's charges, even in the context of a denial. And if the necessary repairs cannot be made, it may then be that when the rivers reach their peak levels in late August and September, the weakened dikes will collapse under their torrential pressure. And it is even more certain that, if that happens, the United States will disclaim any involvement in the catastrophe because the indirect damage to the dikes would be extremely difficult to link with a deliberate act of U.S. policy. Instead, the collapse of the dikes would be attributed to some other factor, possibly the alleged North Vietnamese refusal—for "propaganda" purposes—to repair the dikes at a time when such repair would have been possible, or, more probably, the aftermath of the floods which toppled several of the dikes and inundated much of the Tonkin Plain during the summer of 1971. Indeed, the recent State Department paper lays the groundwork for such a claim: "The prolonged inundation during the floods may have caused subtle undermining of the primary dike system that will not show until late this summer. The possibility that the dike system has been weakened thus adds to this year's flooding threat." The State Department paper does not speculate on the "subtle undermining" of the dikes which has probably been a result of the most gargantuan air offensive in history—the massive, unrelenting U.S. bombardment of the Red River Delta since the beginning of the North Vietnamese offensive six months ago.

IN AN IMPORTANT WAY, indirect bombardment of the dikes has permitted the State Department and other official agencies to underestimate the extent of the damage done to the dike system. The State Department release on the dike bombing issue claims that American surveillance has verified only a dozen instances of actual bomb damage. But this ignores the fact that the release draws on photographs taken only in mid-July, and omits any treatment of the photographs that were surely taken during the three-and-a-half months before, photographs which might have revealed more extensive damage and might have indicated that workers in the North were indeed making repairs on damaged dikes. And then, even more critically, there is often no way to record or measure the "subtle undermining" of dikes brought about by indirect bombardment, no way to account for it in aerial photographs. Despite its numerous admissions, the State Department paper is essentially a whitewash of U.S. policy, a drastic understatement of the damage that American planes have caused to the dikes.

Why would American policymakers contemplate, and threaten, an attack on the dike system? Because, to put it bluntly, every other measure which they have taken to humble Hanoi's leaders and bring the Vietnamese revolution to its knees has been a miserable failure. An extended three-year bombing campaign under President Johnson, and the dispatch of half a million American troops to South Vietnam, did not produce an American victory or establish a viable non-Communist regime in Saigon. Indeed, they did not even bring Hanoi to negotiations; only the halt of most American bombing in April 1968 was able to bring about the Paris talks. An even greater range of military adventures has disappointed President Nixon in his attempts to extract an "honorable" settlement: daily bombing of civilian targets in Laos, Cambodia, and South Vietnam, prolonged devastation of the Ho Chi Minh trail by America's entire Southeast Asia fleet of B-52s, land invasions of Cambodia and Laos, and the resumption of daily bombing against North Vietnam.

And finally, last April, when it became clear that these measures could not forestall Washington's most dreaded premonition, a massive offensive against the army and the puppet regime of South Vietnam—that the legacy of three years of raining slaughter and destruction from the skies over Indochina was the appearance of North Vietnamese artillery and main-force units a day's march from Saigon—the American Administration resorted to the most desperate escalation of all: bombing of the North at levels barely contemplated even under Johnson, and the mining of North Vietnam's harbors, coupled with an effort to render her land borders impassable from the air. Yet even the escalation of last spring has not yielded America a favorable settlement; and now, by threatening direct attacks on the dike system, Washington is attempting—to paraphrase President Nixon—to gain a victory that it cannot possibly win on the battlefield.

American officials have maintained in the recent past, and will probably argue with increasing insistence in the future, that the dike system is in some way a military facility and, as such, a proper target of American air attacks. But the dikes are a military target only in the sense that every part of North Vietnam's infrastructure has, at one time or another, been singled out as an appropriate subject of American bombardment. And there is a certain bizarre half-truth in the proposition that the dikes are indirectly an instrument

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of North Vietnam's war effort, in the sense that Hanoi's war is one which draws on every productive segment of its own society, which depends directly on the involvement and support of its population; that, after all, is the meaning of people's war. But to maintain in any serious way that the dikes constitute a military target would fly in the face of human logic, and it would defy every precept of international law, especially the Nuremberg judgments under which the Nazi High Commissioner for Holland was sentenced to death for having ordered the opening of the Dutch dikes in 1944. The same criminality is present in indirect U.S. bombardment of the North Vietnamese dikes, which differs from direct attack only in the realm of theoretics. The damage which the dike system sustains from shock waves can be as severe, or even more severe, than that resulting from the full force of American bombs, and U.S. officials know it. For the President and other Administration officials to discount Hanoi's accusations by saying that the bombers are simply hitting targets which happen to be located near the dikes, that the dikes themselves are only peripherally affected by the U.S. air campaign, is little short of hypocrisy.

As this magazine has learned, Hanoi's negotiators have repeatedly informed U.S. officials that the indirect bombardment of the dikes is tantamount to bombing the dikes themselves. And yet, official U.S. statements continue to draw a chimerical distinction between a full-scale attack on the dike system and the "incidental" damage done to a number of dikes by the bombing of nearby targets. If it were U.S. policy to avoid hitting the dikes, the bombing of targets near the dikes would have stopped with Hanoi's first private reprimand. But instead, North Vietnamese officials have had to communicate the same message over and over, with apparently little effect.

PRESIDENT NIXON HAS let it be known again and again that he will stop at nothing to obtain a Vietnam settlement which meets his own terms. On April 26, in his first public statement after the opening of North Vietnam's spring offensive, he told a nationwide television audience that his war against the North would continue until "meaningful" negotiations began—that is, until Hanoi expressed some willingness to discuss the perpetuation of the Thieu regime in Saigon. "A military victory on the battlefield," the President said, was something that the other side "cannot be allowed to win." And since the United States was not prepared to discuss a change of government in the South, it would be up to Hanoi to alter its negotiating position if talks were to succeed. And succeed they must; Nixon announced that he was sending his representative back to the semi-public Paris talks, which he himself had cut off the month before, and expressed his "firm expectation" that fruitful exchanges would rapidly ensue. If they did not, Nixon implied, another escalation was around the corner.

Four days later, speaking to reporters at John Connally's Texas ranch, Nixon was first asked about the possibility of bombing the dike system as a means of inducing Hanoi to be reasonable. The opening of his reply carried an implicit threat that the dikes would indeed be bombed if the offensive in the South were to reach a critical juncture:

Now, the problem that is raised with regard to dams or dikes is that, while it is a strategic target, and indirectly a military target, it would result in an enormous number of civilian casualties. That is something that we want to avoid. It is also something we believe is not needed.

Just let me say that, as far as the targets in North Vietnam are concerned, that we are prepared to use our military and naval strength against military targets throughout North Vietnam, and we believe that the North Vietnamese are taking a very great risk if they continue their offensive in the South.

In these few sentences, Nixon said a number of quite revealing things. He asserted that the dikes were in fact a legitimate target of U.S. bombing. He warned that the leaders in Hanoi were, by fighting against the Saigon regime, taking "a very great risk" of provoking the American war machine into action against *all* military targets in their country—including the dikes. And finally, Nixon stated almost literally that he would not refrain from imposing "an enormous number of civilian casualties" on North Vietnam if he should deem it necessary to achieve his purposes. To be sure, he noted as a gesture of his magnanimity that he would not sanction these casualties lightly, that they were "something that we want to avoid." Yet there is no natural law which demands that the United States decimate the populace of the North, nothing in Nixon's karma which makes his ordering that slaughter inevitable. He can avoid it simply by not allowing it. In his statement, however, he made clear that he has placed his own diplomatic ambitions above the survival of the North Vietnamese people.

Had the President stopped with those words, he would still have left a small measure of doubt about precisely what he intended to say. It would still have been remotely possible that he was not making the threat he seemed to be making, that he was simply engaged in an off-the-cuff conversation with a few friendly newsmen. After all, he could have erred on the side of overstatement. He could have been speaking from fatigue or overexhaustion. But, no, that was not enough. Nixon did not mean to leave loose ends or to behave in an un-Presidential way. In uttering these next few words, he erased any doubt that he was talking not so much to American newsmen but, more importantly, directly to Hanoi: "I will just leave it there, and they can make their own choice."

Ever since the episode at the Connally ranch, each Presidential statement has echoed the same theme, every pronouncement more bold and strident than the one before it. And yet, even as each threat rings clear to Hanoi, it is enveloped in vague platitudes about restraint and magnanimity and avoiding civilian casualties, which are designed only for the purpose of popular consumption in this country. "We have tried to hit only military targets, and we have been hitting military targets," Nixon said on June 29 in discounting reports of *direct* hits on dikes. And yet, even if one were willing to lay aside the issue of military targets near dikes, the President had already made clear

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that he considered the dike system itself "a strategic target." "I do not intend to allow any orders to go out which would involve civilian casualties," Nixon said on the same occasion —and yet, in the lawyer's fine print which he has by now nurtured to perfection, rapidly added the brief disclaimer "if they can be avoided." And even as other government spokesmen took pains to emphasize the extraordinary nature of any decision to destroy the dike system, even as the State Department prepared its release which stated that the dikes "could be substantially affected only by a large-scale, coordinated air offensive," the President, in an effort to cloak his increasingly violent threats in an aura of humaneness and generosity, was pointing out that, after all, if it *really* wanted to, the United States could open the dikes almost as an afterthought: "If it were the policy of the United States to bomb the dikes, we could take them out, the significant part of them, in a week." And so on. Would the U.S. bomb in areas where surface-to-air missile sites are located near dikes? "We would do so only if we had to do so in order to protect American fliers who otherwise would be hit down by the SAMs." In other words, whenever we feel like doing it. Meant quite obviously to be accepted as denials that American policy now contemplates the destruction of the dike system, these statements, on closer examination, sound more like forewarnings of that destruction.

BEYOND THE GRADUAL devastation of the North Vietnamese dike system, and the continuing deception of its own people, just what is it precisely that the U.S. government seeks to accomplish in Vietnam? What political ambitions, what diplomatic goals, have propelled the rulers of a civilized people to engage in years of mass murder, and have now brought them to the brink of wiping out an entire society? The deeply perplexing answer to that question is that, at the bottom of everything they do, lies the notion of preserving their honor. Avoiding failure. Clinging to stability. Upholding their prestige. They are not even fighting for the reality of an anti-Communist regime in Saigon. The strength and the durability of Vietnam's revolution have convinced them that a victory of that kind is not possible. What they are fighting for is a period of time between an American withdrawal and the collapse of the Saigon government, so that it will not appear that the United States failed in the defense of an allied regime. They are fighting and killing for a chimera, for a piece of imagery.

For the past four years, the American negotiating position on the war has been what Henry Kissinger has privately called a "decent interval." Before America promises to withdraw, Hanoi must guarantee in some way that it is prepared to allow the South Vietnamese regime to stay in place for some fixed period so that the blame for its collapse can be fixed on Saigon instead of Washington. And the "decent interval" is not simply a Kissinger concoction. It has, for the most part, been the policy of the President as well. His public statements to the contrary, Nixon has long been privately skeptical about America's ability to defeat Vietnam's insurgent movement. A former Nixon speechwriter, Richard Whalen,

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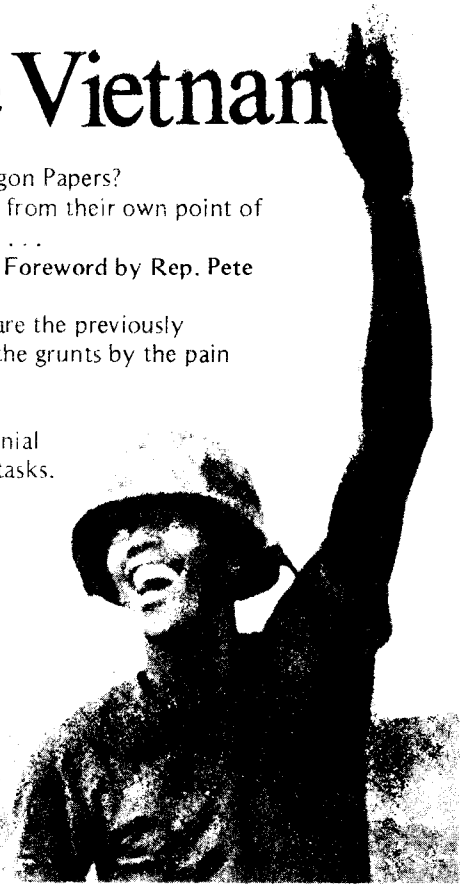

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quotes the President in a recently published memoir as having said in March 1968, "I've come to the conclusion that there's no way to win the war. But we can't say that, of course. In fact, we have to seem to say the opposite, just to keep some degree of bargaining leverage." With the notable exception of several months after the militarily successful U. S. invasion of Cambodia, when he was blinded by bureaucratic propaganda and became convinced that the U. S. and the South Vietnamese together were powerful enough to install an anti-Communist regime permanently in Saigon, Nixon has rarely departed from the "decent interval" formula.

Yet as reasonable and as generous as it sounds on paper, the decent interval has long posed insurmountable problems for the Vietnamese. Since by its very nature it can be negotiated and agreed on only under conditions of extreme privacy, it has been impossible for Washington to propose except in the camouflage of a demand that Hanoi acquiesce in a rigged re-election of the Thieu regime. And since the United States can never have devised effective public guarantees that it is willing to sanction the collapse of the Thieu government at some period after its own withdrawal, Hanoi, in the absence of any real safeguards, has looked on the decent interval proposal with skepticism and mistrust.

Under any circumstance, it would have been difficult for North Vietnam's leaders to accept the notion that the United States, after all its spending and bombing and dying and killing, was perfectly prepared to allow what it had come to prevent in the first place. And the unique nature of Hanoi's prior experience with the West at the negotiating table made it fairly impossible for her leaders to grasp Nixon's and Kissinger's admittedly bizarre version of what they were doing in the war: killing only because they wanted to save face. On two occasions, with France in 1946 and with the Geneva powers in 1954, the North Vietnamese had relinquished many of their gains to allow their enemies a face-saving departure in exchange for what they took to be promises of eventual national independence and reunification with the South; shortly afterward, on both occasions, they had been basely betrayed, their gains denied, the promises erased. What Hanoi faced with the "decent interval" diplomacy of Nixon and Kissinger was a flashback to 1946 and 1954, and they chose this time around not to play. Not that the North Vietnamese would in principle have rejected such an accommodation; as Joseph Kraft wrote during his visit to Hanoi last August, "I have repeatedly been assured that North Vietnam is prepared to wait a long time (several years) before actually moving to take over in the South." But the President and Kissinger have not conducted their policy in such a way as to make Hanoi confident that they can be taken at their word.

Now, in late summer, as the waters of North Vietnam and Hanoi's offensive in the South are both coming to their peak levels, Nixon and Kissinger are particularly anxious to impose their terms on the Vietnamese and strike a successful bargain at the negotiating table. For, despite all that has passed in America's tortuous efforts to wring "peace" from the other side, it is still Vietnam that stands in the way of the President's pretensions of being the master global diplomat, still Vietnam that exposes the bankruptcy and inner brutality of American foreign policy. Now is a time of feverish and desperate activity in Washington; in Paris, as in the heartland of North Vietnam itself, Nixon and Kissinger are pressing their demand for a "decent interval" on Hanoi with ever-greater insistency, with ever-escalating threats and uses of force. The Administration still does not understand that the only way to peace is not through military success, but through withdrawal. The dike system of North Vietnam has already become Washington's newest hostage. And on what grounds can one deny that America is willing to destroy the dikes? If, in pursuit of a goal so vapid, so chimerical, as the preservation of her honor, the United States has bombed, invaded, and killed in Indochina for the past four years, blockaded North Vietnam's harbors, and threatened to bring final devastation to her civilian population, then how are we to doubt that the President is prepared to use any means at his disposal to achieve his goals, including "the great power that could finish off North Vietnam in an afternoon"?

CHINATOWN *(From page 38)*

That spelled it out pretty clearly. Busing became linked to Communism. The conservatives now have gone further. They're now charging that many of the young Chinese volunteer teachers are either leftists or Communist sympathizers. And with that charge leveled, the three groups have declared that they will have to carefully re-evaluate allocation of funds that have been collected. That means that most of the schools might close down.

The anti-busing movement in San Francisco's Chinatown is a curious study in community politics. Many parents bear deep prejudices against blacks. Many others merely feel that it would be dangerous to send their children to schools outside the community, whether white or black. With community schools they enjoy the comfortable knowledge that their sons and daughters are in school just down the street. They know that Chinese-run clinics are nearby for health care. They know that their children can walk home, surrounded by other Chinese who speak Cantonese, who bear the same skin color. And they know that their children will be sitting next to desks and romping on playgrounds occupied by other Chinese.

As the superintendent of the freedom schools, Mrs. Faith Fong, put it, "Let's face it. Human beings do have prejudices." Mrs. Fong, 34, a thin, attractive woman, would not allow her children to be bused either.

The young liberals and radicals of Chinatown who taught for Mrs. Fong are aware of the mothers' prejudices, and yet for their own reasons many of them have joined in the anti-busing cause. Some, like Bryant Fong (no relation to the superintendent), a 24-year-old teacher who worked in one of the freedom schools, are quick to admit that racial prejudice plays an important part in the community's resistance to busing.

"A lot of parents are racists," said Fong, "but we can't come out and just call it racist. You have to realize that there has been no gradual effort to pre-

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pare our people for such a new social contact. We've been in Chinatown all our lives. We can't say that these parents are wrong. If people disagree with the old attitudes, then they should work with the parents and try to change their thinking."

Fong, who taught two fifth-grade sections, speaks Cantonese and has been meeting regularly with the parents of his students. Half of the parents could not speak English.

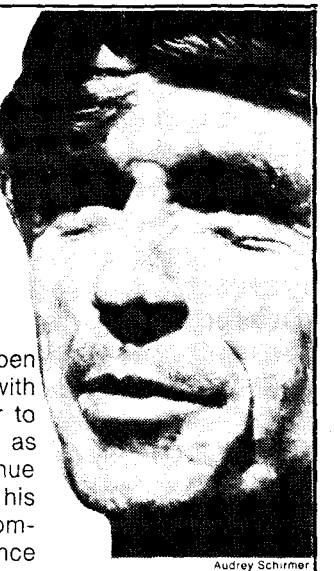
"The parents came to all our PTA meetings," he said. "They're not sophisticated. They know very little about Robert's Rules of Order. But, for the first time, they're active, almost aggressive, participants. They're discussing the issues and they're voting and deciding what they want done to, with, and for their children. And, because of the pressures they've been under from all kinds of groups, they've learned a lot about this society and how it works. Whether we agree with their various reasons or not, the important thing is that the parents of Chinatown have finally stood up to be counted on an issue. They've made their stand. The people should support them."

THE ANTI-BUSING CRUSADE was the first time in Chinese-American history that a group of Chinese—rightly or wrongly—stood up and flung back the white man's gauntlet of progress and social order. It's not hard to imagine that part of the angry anti-busing mood in Chinatown involves a new Chinese-American awareness of all the other racist legislation, court decrees, and mob violence that were once solely directed against us in San Francisco.

The city had kept us quiet for years. With the select help of a few clan elders, City Hall controlled—or thought it controlled—the pulsebeat of its Chinese citizenry. It worked well when we didn't know better and thought we were powerless to fight back. Alioto believes he is still in the same game. Through hand-picked men like George Chinn, a former assistant district attorney, Harry Low, a municipal court judge, and Jack Chow, a conservative attorney, the mayor passes down the Word and hears it played back, softly. Chinn, although he ostensibly "opposed" the mayor by leading the anti-busing forces, was rewarded for his fidelity by being named to the school board. When elections came, a great deal of money helped Chinn get elected.

Chinn also toils long and well for Chiang's Nationalists. After one of those freebie trips to Taiwan and the throne of the aging dictator, Chinn returned to San Francisco to establish the "Free China-U.S. Friendship Association." He had the warm, cordial help of Quentin Kopp, an attorney who took the busing fight to the Supreme Court, and Wong Yin Doon, who was enraged when Nixon announced his trip to China. The Friendship Association was a sorry last gasp for Chiang's legions. While a U.S.-China rapprochement was inevitable, the President's China trip was extremely bitter for Chiang, Wong, Chinn, and company because the decision was made by a former Nationalist stalwart —Nixon, the Commie fighter. Chinese are fond of irony.

Messages from a convict to the conscience of a nation.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DOUBLEDAY

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More than a year ago, when Nixon announced his intention of visiting China, of seeking the normalization of relations with Peking, the impact was immense. Chinese had been disillusioned with Chiang for quite some time, but the Generalissimo's power elite was there—shoring up the cracks in the facade, holding the community muted and afraid. Nixon erased those fears with a single stroke. The immediate repercussions were so great that James C. H. Shen, the Nationalist ambassador to Washington, found it necessary to fly to San Francisco twice in one week for emergency duty on some badly battered loyalties. And a week after the Nixon announcement, the KMT regime changed its consul general in San Francisco, replacing a stiff, unimaginative aristocrat with a pleasant, fast-talking, public relations-conscious diplomat.

The Nationalists are unabashedly angry and worried about the fast-changing political tides in which their presence in Washington and other American cities will be supplanted by officials from mainland China. Led by Wong Yin Doon and a coterie of Nationalist agents, Chiang's forces got the Six Companies and the KMT-sponsored Anti-Communist League to fire off telegrams to Nixon urging him not to go. When approached by this reporter, Doon was quite blunt. "Tell him not to go," he shouted then, waving his arms and jabbing a pudgy finger towards my notebook. "Tell Nixon not to go. This is not good for the U.S. We've been longtime good friends. Why should he do this to us? He broke his promises."

When the President's jet touched down on the tarmac of Peking Municipal Airport, Chinese throughout the United States heaved a heavy, heavy sigh of relief. Ever since our brother gooks mounted the trenches in Korea, we thought, "Uh-oh, we're the enemy." There's many a Chinatown businessman in America who recalls the dwindling white customers, the angry comments, "You Chinese are killing our boys in Korea." And when that war ended and the FBI director continued his search for Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Columns, we went to bed quite uneasy, remembering full well what happened to our Japanese brothers and sisters at Tule Lake and in Colorado. They had hung up their American flags and red, white and blue bunting too—before and after Pearl Harbor.

Nixon's trip, the Chinese reception, and the joint communiqué eased fears up and down the streets of this nation's Chinatowns. Since that rapprochement, hundreds of American Chinese have gone to China to visit. They have returned to the U.S. bearing what most people expected—good news. The nation is strong. The people are active and productive. They are well fed. They ask about brothers and sisters and cousins and friends in the U.S. The flow of letters has increased dramatically. Trade—particularly Chinese food products to Chinatowns—jumped from nil to almost meaningful proportions. Soul food.

For Chinatown it is a period of confusion and transition, but, in the end, if there is a complete rapprochement with China, resulting in diplomatic recognition of the People's Republic, the effect on Chinatown will be cataclysmic. Recognition would presumably also mean the establishment of a Chinese Communist consulate in San Francisco, New York, perhaps Los Angeles.

Liberal Chinese greet that possibility with mixed emotions. They know that an end of KMT influence will turn the power structure around 180 degrees. But that would have happened anyway, with the rising social and political consciousness of young Chinese-Americans. Recognition will only quicken the tempo of demands for social justice.

FOR THE CHINESE IN America, the emotional peak of Chinatown's re-emergence from the ghetto cocoon was the arrival of the Chinese table tennis team. Wary of untoward acts of embarrassment, and maybe even sabotage by KMT agents, the State Department and Secret Service were skittish about Chinese-American involvement or participation in any welcoming ceremonies or team activities. In New York, a small child carrying flowers was brusquely shoved aside by security people. In Washington, the planners scheduled an itinerary which afforded a classic look at America: the Chrysler plant in Detroit, Williamsburg, Va., a plantation in Memphis, Disneyland in California. It was one which carefully skirted Chinatown, U.S.A.

That scheduling changed somewhere between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the team's last stop. When the team arrived at San Francisco's International Airport, more than a thousand Chinatown residents were there to greet them. There was some planning behind that, of course. Indeed, the visit became a galvanizing force which united the moderate, liberal and radical factions throughout the Chinese community. Restaurant owners, bankers, lawyers, social workers, waiters and teachers sat down with radical organizers and revolutionaries to prepare for the visit. Forming themselves into an ad hoc joint committee, the group invited the team to San Francisco, churned out enough short-notice publicity for more than a thousand to turn out at the airport to greet the team, and, on 36-hours notice, selected a site, prepared a menu, raised the funds, rehearsed a 90-minute song and dance program, and invited 500 guests to a banquet for the team. The dinner guests were a wide cross-section of children, youth, workers, civil servants, community workers, the elderly, the poor and the rich.

In Chinese fashion, the brief dinner speeches came first. Speaking for the joint committee, Kew-yuen Ja, a Chinatown businessman, presented the Chinese delegation with a banner of friendship which said, "We are far from her shores but our hearts embrace the Motherland."

Chuang Tse-tung, the team leader, walked toward Ja to accept the banner. Chuang was so deeply moved he reached over Ja's shoulder, pulled the businessman toward him and the two men embraced. Both men cried. Most of the guests cried. The separation of 22 years was bridged in that moment. A day later, the team left.

The joint committee, in self-criticism of that endeavor, found solace in the fact that the visit and the community's involvement pulled Chinatown together. It was at a loss about what to do next simply because there is so much even now tearing at the fab-

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ric of the community.

The poor Chinese elders are still walking up those dank, infested stairways, crawling into their tiered bunks and waiting for another day. The unemployed crowd around the windows of Chinatown employment services, or glance idly at the sky from their benches on Portsmouth Square. More Chinese babies still die in infancy in Boston. Homeless arrivals in New York wonder where they'll live.

Frank Chin, a highly-regarded (and the only) Chinese playwright, summed it up: "White racists have tried for centuries to keep the minorities in their place in American industry and outside the business of running the country. They've failed to convince the blacks they're animals and failed to convince the Indians they're living fossils. But in San Francisco, they've convinced themselves and seven generations of Chinese in America that we are foreigners."

A radically chic observer named Tom Wolfe writes that we still consider ourselves "sojourners" in this land, that our reaction to busing—indeed to all "crazy" American antics—is "include us out." Maybe our problem is that we didn't get here first, someone else once suggested, adding that perhaps we shouldn't be immigrating here now. Well, the Indians got here first . . .

We're not saying include us out. We want in. We've taken a look at New York brownstones, California adobes and Washington townhouses and we want in. We've heard and watched the white heroes on radio, television and cinema and we want in. We've taken orders from the board rooms of commerce and industry and we want in. Without consultations, we've accepted decisions concerning ourselves from local governments, state governments and the Federal government and we want in. We've been shut out of unions, barred from hotels, turned away from hospitals, restricted from housing developments, kept out of decision-making bureaucracies, and excluded from newspapers and magazines, and we want in. Dammit, we want in.

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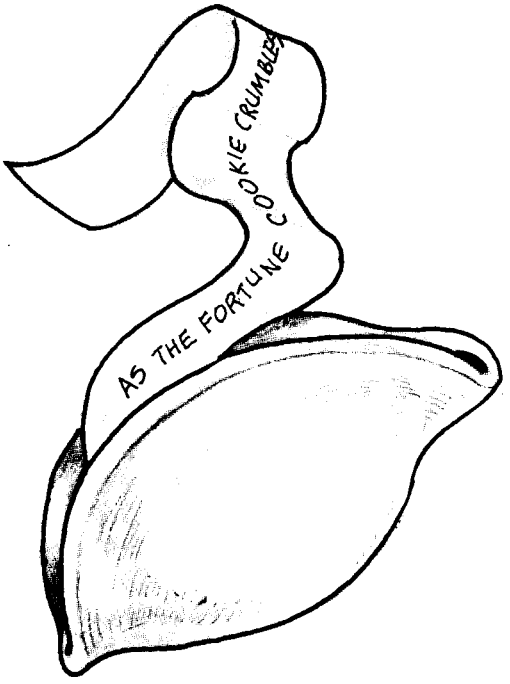

LETTERS

[ATTICA DEFENSE]

Editor: On September 13, 1971, a new word was added to the lexicography of our shame. Joining the Ludlow Massacre, the Hay Market, the Bridge at Selma, and My Lai, the word "ATTICA" will forever remind us of the bloody assault that left dozens of men dead from the guns of the New York State Police.

Since September 13, none of the 28 demands that Commissioner Oswald had acknowledged as both reasonable and desirable have been implemented. Almost 100 persons have been held in solitary confinement, locked in their cells 24 hours a day, denied exercise time, isolated from all contact with another human soul—a virtual jail within a jail—yet none have been charged with any crime.

At present, a grand jury is sitting in rural Wyoming County of upstate New York, preparing to return indictments against the prisoners.

There is no doubt that the same officials who executed inmates and guards alike in the attack of September 13 will now ask for life imprisonment for scores of inmates.

State officials have transferred hundreds of possible witnesses to prisons across New York State, and the initial investigative work has been hampered by this and other measures. Various affirmative suits are now pending in state and federal courts dealing with the rights of the inmates.

In order to cope with the overwhelmingly complex demands of the situation, the Attica Defense Committee has been formed as a non-profit charitable trust under the laws of the State of New York to raise funds for the legal defense of inmates, the institution of affirmative action relating to prison conditions, and the dissemination of information to the general public.

It is unfortunate that the defense of liberty demands repeated sacrifices. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be needed to insure an adequate legal defense for these prisoners.

You are among those who have supported many efforts to bring social justice to our society. We know that, in this political year, many demands are being made upon you for financial support. However, there is nothing more important than to lend support so that these prisoners, who have faced punishment once in the form of the fire-power of the New York State Police, can at least face these charges with adequate legal counsel.

Please send any contributions to:

ATTICA DEFENSE COMMITTEE
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Thank you.
—William M. Kunstler
Tom Wicker

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Editor: The article entitled "Ice Cream," in the July 1972 issue of RAMPARTS, made a derogatory reference to

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"white sugar." I was prompted by this to read about the nutritional value of refined white sugar. One constantly runs into leaflets in organic stores that comment on sugar's "empty calories" and "robbing the body of B vitamins." My curiosity was aroused since sugar is so often used in medicine. Furthermore, how much harm could come of a simple carbohydrate? I also decided to investigate because I prefer to make certain flavors of ice cream with sugar rather than honey.

With the great push by people-oriented publications like RAMPARTS to expose the food industry, I feel it is their responsibility to point out the good and not-so-good aspects of the foods we eat—regardless of who the villain is. The following is a brief summary of the significant differences and similarities between white sugar and honey.

White sugar is usually refined and, even by organic food store proprietors' admissions, is 99.96% pure. Few products can claim such a high degree of purity—no containments, chemicals, refining by-products, preservatives, artificial flavors or colors. Sugar is 99.96% pure sucrose, which is a disaccharide (a linkage of two 6-carbon simple sugars). In this case, the disaccharide is 50% glucose (grape sugar) and 50% fructose (fruit sugar). Glucose is absolutely necessary for life and must be supplied to the brain constantly as long as we live. Fructose is not as easily metabolized. It must be converted in the liver to glucose—a process that requires little, if any, energy loss, and certainly no detriment to the body. The digestion of sucrose to glucose and fructose occurs instantly on the intestinal lining by an enzyme found there. The enzyme is used over and over, and this breakdown requires no time or effort on the body's part.

On the other hand, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* breaks down honey into its various constituents. On the average, it was found to be 40% fructose, only 35% glucose, 2% sucrose, and the rest miscellaneous substances. Many of those substances are listed there—some 46 were specifically mentioned. Trace amounts of certain vitamins and minerals were also found (variable due to the pollen content). This is not intended as a criticism of honey as a wholesome and nutritious food. Personally, I like the taste, and the various chemicals found in it are unlikely to be proved harmful.

Because of its two major sugars—glucose and fructose—the *Britannica* comments that "honey provides an immediate as well as an extended source of energy." This, of course, is true even more so for white sugar (its total energy content equalling 99.96% as compared to about 77% for honey). Therefore, for purity, uniformity of quality, and usefulness as an energy source, refined white sugar is superior to honey.

This is not to say, however, that we don't eat too much sugar. Perhaps the rise of sugar content in our foods has been largely responsible for our deteriorating diet, but this fact should not be used to condemn sugar as a worthless or harmful food. (Honey and sugar, as well as any other carbohydrate sweetener, are equally bad for tooth decay.)

All foods should be judged on their relative merits. The example of refined white sugar indicates that sometimes we judge a food bad because it is not found on the shelves of the organic grocery. It seems that sugar is one of the few food substances that big industry, conglomerates, and giant corporations have not felt compelled to adulterate. We should use this exemple to show that they *can* produce a pure, wholesome, nutritional, and inexpensive product. Maybe they could make 100% pure, refined, granulated vegetable protein to sprinkle over our meals!

—Allen C. Krohn, M.D.

[NON-VIOLENCE]

Editor: 1972 marks twenty years since Danilo Dolci first took up his work in western Sicily. His use of non-violence and direct social action in attempting to deal with problems of exploitation and apathy has had important results, and has attracted world-wide attention. Dolci has recently been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Dolci will visit the United States from September 26 through October 15. He will be in the Midwest from October 1 through October 7, and in the East before and after that time.

Invitations for him to appear before campus or community groups are welcome. Previous tours have aroused increasing interest in his work and in its applicability to pressing problems which face our own society. The tour is sponsored by Friends of Danilo Dolci; inquiries should be addressed to the Chairman, Professor Alfred McClung Lee, 100 Hemlock Road, Short Hills, New Jersey 07078, (201) 376-8232, or to Ms. Joan Simon, 7 Gracie Square, New York, NY 10028, (212) 288-0756.

Those who simply wish to know more about our work should write directly to Professor Lee.

—Sumner M. Rosen
For the Committee

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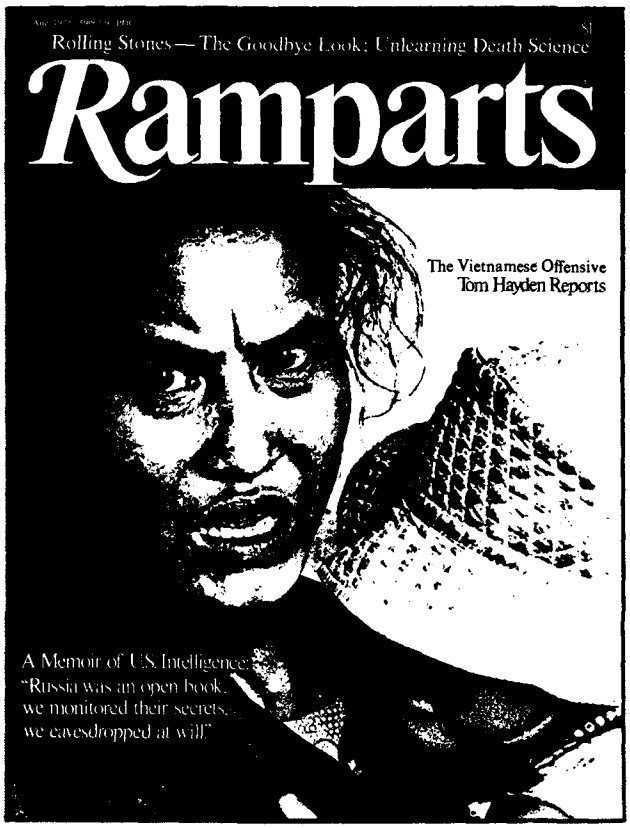
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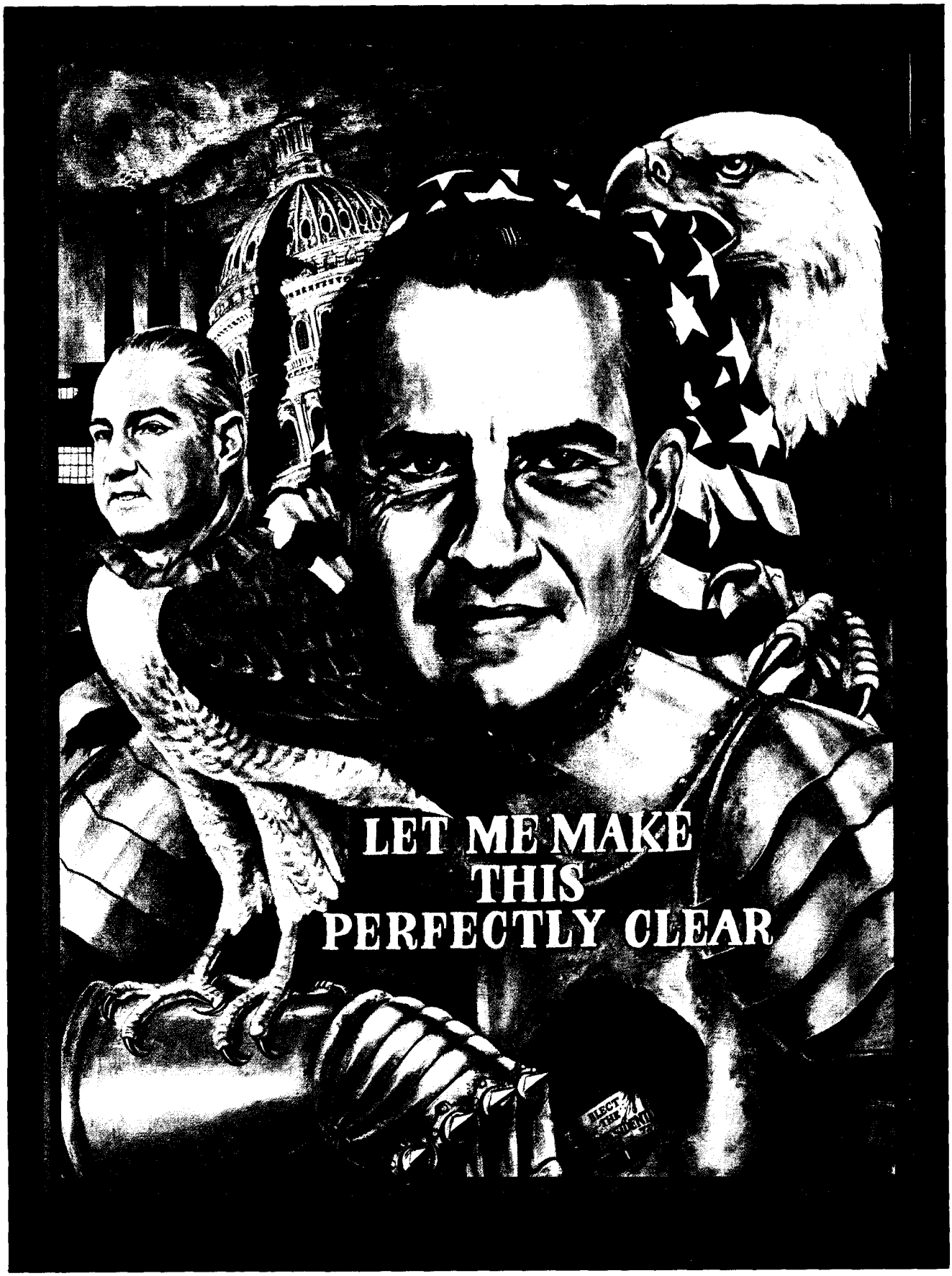

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